OL. XXX, No. 2 OCTOBER, 1932 No. 118

the Publishers

AUM

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

Rag-Paper Edition

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Quarterly

Subscription price, $2.00 per annum; single copies, 50 cents

Published by The Theosophical Society
at 64 Washington Mews, New York, N.Y.

July; October; January; April

Address all communications to P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York

In Europe, single copies may be obtained from and subscriptions may be sent to John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. 2, England; or to Mr. E. H. Lincoln, 9 Beaconsfield Road, Low Fell, Gateshead-on-Tyne, England, from whom all back numbers may be obtained. Annual subscription price, $2.00, postpaid

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXX, NO. 2

October, 1932

	PAGE
NOTES AND COMMENTS	99
FRAGMENTS	107
BERGSON'S VIEW OF MYSTICISM	108
THE PARABLE OF THE PERSIAN BEGGAR	119
LETTERS FROM WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, VI	122
RICHNESS OF LIFE	130
PSYCHOANALYSIS: An Explanation and Interpretation	135
THE MAXIMS OF RENÉ QUINTON	148
TREES	154
WAR MEMORIES, XVII	159
ON THE SCREEN OF TIME	170
REVIEWS	181
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS	190

Entered as second-class matter September 5, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Copyright, 1932, by The Theosophical Society

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

We have no connection whatsoever with any other organization calling itself Theosophical, headed by Mrs. Besant or others, nor with similar bodies, the purposes and methods of which are wholly foreign to our own.

EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1932

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Is There Purpose In Evolution?

IS there purpose in evolution? Sir J. Arthur Thomson, the eminent Scotch zoölogist and biologist, asks this "question of questions" in the last chapter of his recently published book, *Riddles of Science*. He suggests an affirmative answer, basing his argument upon a life-long observation and study of scientifically determined facts. His deductions are of special interest—as it seems to us—because he has such a profound and even excessive respect for established scientific methods. One recalls the very different deductions which have been drawn by other biologists from the same scientific data. It is an indication of a changing tide in scientific thought when a positivist, like Sir Arthur, is inspired by the spectacle of order and beauty in Nature to postulate a directive power or creative purpose which was present in "the unthinkable Beginning."

"The object of our discussion", he says, "has been to ask whether the apparent blindness of Nature's workings in the realm of organisms is not largely a bogy. It is grotesque to call Organic Evolution a 'chapter of accidents'. The fortuitous has shrivelled before increased knowledge; and Natural Selection is discriminate shifting in reference to an already established *Systema Naturæ*. We have also noted a number of features that are in harmony with the trans-scientific idea that the Order of Nature was originally endowed in a way that we should call, in human affairs, well thought out. There seems to be a steady, though inconceivably slow, advance of life from monad to man, and man—even now—is no anti-climax. The whole process of evolution has been such that it has had as its highest outcome a human society at its best. We have become accustomed to consider man in the light of Evolution, solidary with the rest of creation, but do we often enough try to envisage Evolution in the light of man—of man at his best? . . .

"Our question has been: Is the idea of purpose congruent with the scientific

facts?—nay, more: Do the scientific facts in any way suggest the interpretation that Nature expresses a purpose? Our answer has been in the affirmative, and since the scientifically known System of Nature, being largely unconscious, cannot be credited with a purpose, we are led to think of a Creator's Purpose. . . .

"We should suggest that if there is a purposefulness behind Evolution, and if man is an instalment of one of the purposes, it may be our most urgent and practical duty to try to discern more of the great evolutionary trends so that we may assist in the fulfilment of more of the purpose. We must study the tactics so that we may share more fully in the realization of the strategy" (pp. 362-364).

The Universality of Life

Sir Arthur's view of life is in pleasant contrast to the materialistic and mechanistic interpretations of evolution which were so dominant in Madame Blavatsky's time and which she so heartily excoriated. It was one of her fundamental propositions that there is no "dead matter" in the Universe; that the so-called inorganic kingdom has a life and consciousness of its own. We find Sir Arthur saying practically the same thing. He wonders what Huxley and his contemporaries meant when they spoke of living organisms arising naturally from non-living matter.

"If they actually emerged from the non-living, then the non-living is a subtler thing than our forefathers supposed; and everyone knows that the old idea of the deadness of non-living matter has gone by the board. It is of the very essence of evolution to be *integrative*, to build up higher and higher wholes, and as General Smuts puts it: 'Matter, Life and Mind, so far from being discontinuous and disparate, appear as a more or less connected progressive series of the same great process'. Perhaps we make the unsolved problem of the Origin of Life more difficult than it really is by forgetting that it must have been not merely a biochemical but a biopsychical synthesis" (p. 26). A student of Theosophy would add that we have not only made the problem difficult by neglecting the biopsychical aspect of all living things; we have, in fact, made solution of the problem impossible.

The Biochemical and the Biopsychical

We do not believe, however, that Sir Arthur has made sufficient use of his own good advice. Like other scientific evolutionists, he limits his investigations to the physical aspect of life. He seems to favour the so-called theory of "emergent evolution" in his effort to imagine a process whereby the purposes latent in matter can become actualities in space and time. Thus, reflecting upon the strange "emergence" of man in the evolutionary series, he remarks that "there is reason to believe in a saltatory variation—a mutation of magnitude—which lifted the early Hominoids from the pit" (p. 344).

It should be obvious, however, that an abrupt "emergence" of a new form is as suggestive of chance or accident as of purpose. In appearance it is nothing but an interruption of a normal sequence of cause and effect.

Why do "emergences" and "mutations" and "saltatory variations" occur? In our opinion the theosophical teaching alone offers a logical and consistent solution.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, the evolution or manifestation of life is represented as a dual process which cannot be understood unless due weight be given to each of the two phases which constitute the duality. There is the physical or "biochemical" phase, the slow *ascent* of a "subconscious" life through a series of increasingly complex organic forms. This is the aspect of evolution which is the exclusive subject-matter of biology and palæontology. But, also, there is the spiritual or "biopsychical" phase, the *descent* of a "superconscious" life into matter. These two movements are said to be in constant interaction, and self-consciousness in its infinite gradations is described as the product of that interaction.

"Spirit and Matter, though one and the same thing in their origin, when once they are on the plane of differentiation, begin each of them their evolutionary progress in contrary directions—Spirit falling gradually into Matter, and the latter ascending to its original condition, that of a pure spiritual Substance. Both are inseparable, yet ever separated. On the physical plane, two like poles will always repel each other, while the negative and the positive are mutually attracted; so do Spirit and Matter stand to each other—the two poles of the same homogeneous Substance, the Root-Principle of the Universe" (*S. D.*, I, pp. 267-268).

In terms of this conception, therefore, the purpose of evolution is definable as the development and increase and refinement of self-consciousness. "The Universe exists for purposes of Soul." But it is not supposed that the "biopsychical" or superconscious factors in Nature are, in any sense, derivatives of the "biochemical" or subconscious. Spirit seems to "emerge" from matter, because its interaction with matter can only be "scientifically determined" when this interaction becomes sufficiently intense to effect the embodiment of some spiritual quality in physical form.

The Science of Consciousness

The meaning of the theosophical philosophy is missed if it be regarded merely as one more metaphysical theory or creed, for it is founded upon the conviction that real knowledge exists and is attainable. The student of Theosophy has reason to believe that there are living men who have discovered and know, not theoretically but actually, the purpose in evolution upon this planet, and who effectively assist in the fulfilment of that purpose. But if the teaching of Theosophy be an exposition of the knowledge of Masters, it is not a system of dogmas pronounced *ex cathedra*, but a working hypothesis, a stimulus to experiment, a guide of experience, a way whereby all men can ultimately enter into their heritage of real knowledge.

The way of real knowledge has been called the science of consciousness. As in every science, the student is expected to accept tentatively certain axioms and postulates before beginning his course of experiment. If the axioms be sound,

HOLBROOK LIBRARY PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

it must follow that they will become progressively self-evident, as they are applied practically and in detail.

Such an axiom is the Hermetic proverb: "Man, know thyself, and thou shalt know God." It is postulated that the study of the purposes of one's own soul provides the key to the understanding of a Divine Purpose in the Universe; that the nature of the human being, according to its degree and capacity, mirrors the nature of Being in general.

This is the basis for the statement that Spirit and Matter "are inseparable, yet ever separated" and "begin each of them their evolutionary progress in contrary directions." The two lines of evolution are discovered by the individual in his own self, and through this revelation of the ground of his own existence he gains the power to recognize the polarity of Spirit and Matter wherever he looks in Nature. In other words, it is introspection which unlocks all mysteries for him; but the success of the introspection is dependent upon the degree to which he conforms his action to the vision of an ideal which opens for him. Spirit and Matter release their meaning, in so far as he is able to personify spiritual qualities in his own life and to provide them with a physical vehicle.

The Interpretation of Dreams

Riddles of Science is rich in illustrations of the queer by-paths into which modern scientists so easily stray and get lost. In each instance, their difficulties are caused by their effort to interpret every phenomenon in physical terms alone. Sir Arthur Thomson himself has not escaped from the obsession that all states of consciousness are effects of physical antecedents. The theories which he records or proposes, to account for various human habits and qualities, are often so bizarre that one wonders whether he takes them seriously. However, one seldom notes what is bizarre in one's own notions.

We give one extreme example, taken from the chapter on "Why do we dream?" Many people have had dreams of floating in the air, but probably very few have taken the trouble to read what our best scientists have to say upon the subject.

"Various theories have been suggested to explain this sort of dream, e.g. that it is related to the baby's early experiences in the bath. One psychologist of distinction has sought to relate it to the piscine chapter in the pedigree of Vertebrates—some hundreds of millions of years ago! We would hazard the suggestion that it is an organic reminiscence of floating in the amniotic fluid before birth. All these theories have to face the obvious difficulty that the dream experience is of floating in air, not in water. In any case, flotation may serve to illustrate a primitive type of dream, which we may call 'primary reminiscence' " (p. 294).

To comment upon this would be as futile as to explain a joke. At any rate, no theory of one's own could possibly be any more grotesque. Therefore, one is emboldened to suggest that "flotation" in dreams may sometimes be the effect of a very different type of "primary reminiscence". Thus Plato in the *Phædrus* speaks of the soul's dim memory of its ancient glory, when "with the happy band following in the train of Zeus or of some other God, it saw a vision and was

initiated in most blessed mysteries, which it celebrated in the state of innocence; . . . shining in pure light and not yet enshrined in that living tomb which we carry about, now that we are imprisoned in the body as in an oyster shell."

The following question and answer were published in *The Path* (III, 21).

"During sleep I have a feeling that I can fly by an intense act of will. I then float in dream over the ground, my body seeming rigid. The force exhausted, I have to descend. What is your explanation of this?"

"It is part of the effort of your inner man to demonstrate to your outer self the existence and action of unrecognized and unfamiliar forces, which every man has in him the latent power to use. Dreamless slumber is better."

The reader is free to choose any explanation which seems fitting to him. But we invite him to consider which explanation of "flotation" is more fantastic—that the soul is striving to endow the personal man with some awareness of his divine possibilities; or that we are re-living in our sleep the experience of some hypothetical ancestor who was a fish in the Devonian Age!

The Evil Eye

The following is taken from *The New York Times* (June 25th, 1932).

"Syracuse, June 24.—The 'evil eye' of ancient superstition has been found by scientific experiment to have a definite basis in fact, it was reported here to-day during the closing sessions of the summer meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Dr. Otto Rahn, Professor of Bacteriology at Cornell University. He told of investigations conducted by him recently on 'the influence of human radiation on micro-organisms'.

"The human eye, Dr. Rahn declared he found only a few days ago, emanates a form of radiation similar in its action to that of ultra-violet rays and strong enough to kill yeast cells if held sufficiently close. Not only the eye, according to the speaker, but the tip of the nose as well emits ultra-violet radiation strong enough in some instances to kill yeast cells or to retard their growth. The strongest radiations obtained so far, Dr. Rahn stated, had been those from the finger-tips, the right hand usually radiating more than the left, even in left-handed persons. In fact, he added, it could be shown that the human body as a whole sent out rays, from some persons more than others, so that the term 'magnetic personality' might possibly involve a purely physical factor. The intensity of the radiation, Professor Rahn continued, varied with different individuals and with the same individual under different conditions. Sex did not seem to make any difference, he added. While the radiation from plants was generally stimulating and beneficial, Dr. Rahn said, that from human beings was usually destructive. The effect was not due to a difference in kind, but to a variation in the intensity."

Professor Rahn's discovery was a subject of much comment by the press. For example, the *New York Herald Tribune* (July 3rd, 1932) published an editorial warning "would-be mystics" against the idea that anything out of the ordinary had happened. It refers to the fact that science is already familiar with several other phenomena of the same type.

"Nine years ago, in Russia, Dr. Alexander Gurwitsch discovered that living cells in the rapidly growing roots of an onion have power to stimulate the growth of other onion roots placed near by. . . . The influences have been reported, too, from animal muscles, from blood, from yeast cells and, perhaps, most interesting of all, from the growing cells of a cancer. . . . Dr. A. Neville has shown, for example, that the onion root effect may damage the delicate membrane on the front of a living animal eye. . . . Dr. Austin H. Clark of the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, has proved that dead and dried butterflies preserved in the institution's collections can be made to print their images on photographic plates as though the insect bodies were radio-active. Cod liver oil and several of the vitamins have been shown to possess, at least at times, similar photographic potencies. Dr. I. A. Balinkin, of the University of Cincinnati, has demonstrated invisible rays emitted from slightly heated and electrified alum crystals. Only a few weeks ago there were reported to the Academy of Sciences in Paris experiments suggesting similar actions at a distance emanating from ordinary metals.

"Probably the truth is that there occur in living matter, and sometimes in things that are not living, slow chemical changes which may emit either ultra-violet rays or gaseous emanations. There would be nothing more mysterious in this than in such well-known chemical changes as the hardening of mortar or the slow toughening of the film of linseed oil in paint."

There is nothing mysterious about it, although it is an important addition to human knowledge. Fifty years ago, when the study of electric waves had only begun and radio-activity was unknown, the idea that human and other bodies are surrounded by a "photosphere" and send forth radiant energy, would have been scientifically classified as a rank superstition.

It is natural to suppose that the human body emits rays for the same reason that other physical bodies become radiant, as an effect of chemical or electrical action. In this respect, one may justly assume that there is no distinction between human bodies and onions. But as one might expect, no scientist seems to have considered the hypothesis that it may be possible for man to control or to modify the stream of cosmic energy which passes in a rapid eddy through his organism. Yet there would be nothing more mysterious in this than in the muscular and nervous control which we all exercise continuously.

A student of occultism does not doubt that the eye, like the spoken word, can be used as a transmitter of will-power by certain individuals who are either born with special endowments or who have undertaken a necessary course of training. Indeed, it has been said that every volition tends to manifest itself outwardly through the body, with an energy proportionate to the conscious intent which was put into the volition. "A good thought is perpetuated as an active, beneficent power, an evil one as a maleficent demon. And so man is perpetually peopling his current in space with a world of his own, crowded with the offspring of his fancies, desires, impulses and passions."

Doubtless, the average man's thoughts and passions are so feeble or so uncoördinated that they can make very little objective impression upon any phys-

ical substance. But if one be willing to look for it, there is plenty of evidence that a benevolent or malevolent desire of sufficient potency can greatly increase the intensity of the natural energies flowing through the body. As we shall see, it is the occult theory that such a desire not only increases the volume of a force but also modifies its nature—perhaps by quickening its vibrations.

So we come to the "evil eye", the very doubtful discovery of which was hailed with somewhat immoderate enthusiasm by the gentlemen of the press. Certainly there is a great gulf between the vicious entity, who uses the *jettatura* or *mal'occhio* with deliberate intent to kill, and the ordinary person whose eye naturally emits rays which in a laboratory are fatal to a few bacteria. But there can be little question that the "evil eye" is a terrible fact in Nature. In *Isis Unveiled*, Madame Blavatsky speaks of people "who can kill toads by merely looking at them and can even slay individuals. The malignance of their desire brings evil forces to a focus, and the death-dealing bolt is projected, as though it were a bullet from a rifle" (I, 380).

Physical and Spiritual Dynamics

Madame Blavatsky identifies the forces involved, with the "astral fluid' which was used beneficently by Mesmer in his magnetic cures. In the theory of Mesmerism, the astral fluid of animal magnetism has been described as a subtile form of the same energy which imparts its attractive power to the lodestone,—as if there occurred an actual transmutation of the gross energies of Nature through their contact with organic bodies, and especially with a human body galvanized by a determined will. In the nature of things, at the present stage of human evolution, a determined will may be good or bad, altruistic or selfish, benevolent or malevolent. It may send forth the bolt which kills, or its radiance may strengthen and purify and heal.

Let us recall Sir Arthur Thomson's distinction between the biochemical and the biopsychical. Without doubt physiologists can analyze and define the biochemical energies which are active in the physical body of man as they are active throughout animate Nature. These energies man shares with the animal and vegetable kingdoms, for he draws them from his food, and it is not likely that they are often greatly transformed when they pass out of his body. But why should there not be a real transformation of biochemical energies when they are controlled and vivified by the biopsychical agencies of imagination, desire and will?

A Master, whose letter is quoted in *The Occult World*, has referred to the transmutation which takes place when any force is used with a purpose.

"In conformity with exact science you would define but one cosmic energy, and see no difference between the energy expended by the traveller who pushes aside the bush that obstructs his path, and the scientific experimenter who expends an equal amount of energy in setting a pendulum in motion. We do; for we know that there is a world of difference between the two. The one uselessly dissipates and scatters force, the other concentrates and stores it. And here please understand that I do not refer to the relative utility of the two, as

one might imagine, but only to the fact that in the one case there is but brute force flung out without any transmutation of that brute energy into the higher potential form of spiritual dynamics, and in the other there is just that. . . . The idea I wish to convey is that the result of the highest intellection in the scientifically occupied brain is the evolution of a sublimated form of spiritual energy, which in the cosmic action, is productive of illimitable results; while the automatically acting brain holds, or stores up in itself only a certain quantum of brute force that is unfruitful of benefit for the individual or humanity. The human brain is an exhaustless generator of the most refined quality of cosmic force out of the low, brute energy of Nature; and the complete adept has made himself a centre from which irradiate potentialities that beget correlations upon correlations through Æons of time to come. . . . Nature consciously prefers that matter should be indestructible under organic rather than inorganic forms" (pp. 128-131).

"You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson", said Edwards; "I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in."—BOSWELL.

To the clear eye, the smallest fact is a window through which the Infinite may be seen.—HUXLEY.

FRAGMENTS

WHATEVER the darkness and sorrow,—trust, for the Eternal ways are sure; and though we seem engulfed in loneliness, we are in reality surrounded by that cloud of witnesses, who, one with us in heart and purpose, it matters not how humble our place, yearn over us in our struggles, guide, encourage, urge us on, with infinite love and solicitude. Let us trust them also, even though weak hearts may not discern them, for they are part of the Eternal ways.

There is something finer than the ardour of youth, and that is the endurance of experience. Ardour may turn to dust in the impact with disaster; but he who has faced the worst and lived through it, not once but many times, lived to know that he *can* live through it, and so meets serenely what fate may have in store, goes forward undaunted, undismayed.

Experience is our best teacher, it has been said: why then shun and evade it? Life is a serious matter, and the most serious thing in it is the doubt and indecision of our own desire. Hence the first part of the field that we must win is that horizoned by ourselves. As we sail further, the horizon widens, until we return to that from which we set forth. All nature emblazons our oneness with the Divine.

One with the Divine, what trick of fate can harm us? Surely in our thought of it alone can the evil lie, for it also is part of the Eternal ways.

What other ways are there?

Watch, with eager and steadfast eyes, for the dawn upon the hills. In good time it will come, in the best, the perfect time, adjusted to Karmic law, laden with blessing.

It will come with hush and coolness, with still and fragrant breath; with the Master's peace it will come, the peace he gives to the disciple who is as himself, —a Warrior tried and true.

Not to the man who waits can it come, nor to him who avoids the conflict; not to the fretful, not to the objector, not to the fear-ridden, not to the oversure; but to him who battles to the end,—with back against the wall and broken sword, it may be.

Watch, watch, I say, for the dawn upon the hills.

And what if you never see it, O you of most valiant heart! What matter were that, so be the dawn *come*, and the Master see it, and the comrades see it, and enter with him into its glory.

O that were Dawn indeed!

CAVÉ.

BERGSON'S VIEW OF MYSTICISM

Remember, O disciple, that great though the gulf may be between the good man and the sinner, it is greater between the good man and the man who has attained knowledge; it is immeasurable between the good man and the one on the threshold of divinity.—LIGHT ON THE PATH.

THE publication of a new work[1] by Henri Bergson increases the debt which Europe and America owe to this philosopher. For nearly fifty years, he has borne witness to the spiritual powers latent in man. He is almost unique among modern thinkers, in so far as his method of approach to reality is essentially introspective. In this respect, as in others, the Western philosopher whom he most resembles is Plotinus. His life, like that of Plotinus, has been a progressive meditation upon states of consciousness, and as each of his books has appeared, it has given proof of some new extension of his knowledge of the inner world. It is a law of Nature which anyone can test for himself, that no one can meditate upon a state of consciousness without increasing and deepening it. Bergson himself has described meditation as a creative power corresponding to the cosmic force which creates the successions of living forms in Nature. He says somewhere that consciousness is that from which one can always draw forth more than it seems to contain.

Bergson has generally avoided explicit reference in his books to mysticism, but he evidently believes that the time has come to leave on record a statement of his sympathies and intentions. *The Two Sources of Morality and Religion* is an unequivocal defence of the mystical tradition. It is more than a defence, for he goes further, affirming that a renaissance of mysticism is absolutely essential to the salvation of the human race, which is "half-crushed beneath the weight of material progress", and which is in danger of destroying itself, unless it recovers some sense of spiritual values.

According to the theory which he set forth in *Creative Evolution*, the vital force, the *élan vital*, attained one of the objectives for which this planet exists, when after æons of development a species at last emerged with a definite measure of intelligence and self-consciousness. When man appeared, it might have seemed that the creative process was complete, and that the *élan vital* could do no more. Such an idea, as Bergson shows, harbours a serious illusion. Intelligence and self-consciousness are invaluable acquisitions for the spirit, but once they are attained, they must be continuously purified, transmuted, *re-created* out of their own substance. Otherwise they will lapse into automatism and mechanism, like so many other "failures of Nature", or they will become agents of destruction. There are intelligent and self-conscious devils.

Therefore, a new victory must be won, or the advantage, which was gained

[1] *Les deux sources de la morale et de la religion*, by Henri Bergson; Librairie Félix Alcan, Paris, 1932.

with the generation of the human species, will be lost. It is the rôle of the mystics to lead humanity in the battles which must be fought. The *élan vital* cannot accomplish the re-creation of man without the active coöperation of individual human beings. It would be more accurate to say that it cannot continue that re-creation, for every great cycle of history has been marked by the emergence of men of genius who raised themselves above the mass of mankind and by their example induced a new vision and a new will in those who came within the range of their influence. These great personalities, according to Bergson, attained this power to move others by virtue of their conscious self-identification with the undivided creative power in Nature, the *élan vital*, the source of all life and consciousness upon this earth. It is impossible then to say who or what really continues the work of creation, whether it be the impersonal force of universal Life or the personal force of the perfected man, for the two, the Father and the Son, have become one.

Doubtless, the reader will have already surmised why Bergson speaks of a dual origin of ethics and religion. He refers to the duality of human character which has been so consistently stressed by the mystics and occultists of every age and of every race. For example, one recalls the Taoists of ancient China who spoke of the two Ways always open to the human being, the Way of Heaven and the Way of Man.

Bergson classifies ordinary ethics and ordinary religion as normal products of human nature in its average condition. Why do most of us, even in New York in the Twentieth Century, cause comparatively little trouble to the police? Everyone has a right to speak for himself, for there are as many motives for good citizenship as there are individuals, but one is constrained to agree with Bergson that the general and fundamental motive is the sense of a social obligation. A large part of the personal consciousness is centred in what he calls "the social self", *le moi social*. "It is society which traces for the individual the programme of his daily existence. We cannot live in a family, conduct our profession, . . . walk in the street or even remain at home, without obeying prescriptions and submitting to obligations. A choice is imposed at every instant; we naturally choose what is conformable to rule. We are scarcely aware of what we are doing; we make no effort. . . . Duty, thus understood, is performed almost always automatically; and obedience to duty, in most cases, may be defined as a following of the line of least resistance. . . . There are evidently cases where obedience implies an effort against oneself. These cases are exceptional, but we note them because they are attended by the intense consciousness which accompanies every hesitation. . . . In a certain sense, it would be false, and in any case it would be dangerous to say that duty can really be performed automatically" (pp. 12-14).

A human society is an expression of a tendency that seems to be omnipresent in Nature, the tendency to organize units into groups. Thus the physical body may be defined as a society of cells, and the societies of ants and bees are so perfectly integrated that the biologist feels justified in comparing the life of the individual insect to the life of a cell in an organism. Bergson insists,

however, that human societies must be radically distinguished from these others, inasmuch as they are not held together primarily by instinct or by some obscure "magnetic" attraction. One must never forget that at every moment the individual is free to accept or to reject the duty to obey any social obligation. That is why human societies are less efficient than insect communities, where crime and egotism are presumably unknown; but by compensation they are incomparably more plastic, more susceptible to transforming influences.

Bergson believes that the natural function of non-mystical or "static" religion is to reënforce the sense of social obligation by placing the check of irrational fear or hope upon the egotistic tendencies which appear simultaneously with the development of intelligence and self-consciousness. He also suggests that many of the "superstitions" which are associated with myth and ritual have a definite biological function, inasmuch as they neutralize the terrors which are supposed to fill the life of primitive man,—the terror of storm and earthquake, of sickness and death, above all, the terror of the unknown. Much that he says on this point is open to serious question, for he accepts too readily the current theories of anthropologists concerning primitive states of mind. It is really a "superstition" of our own time, to believe that all magical rites are merely gestures translating the desires of the participants, and that all myths are pure fables, having no significance in themselves, but serving the purpose of heartening the good citizen and of frightening the evil-doer.

"Of all the creatures which live in societies", says Bergson, "man is the only one that can deviate from the social order by yielding to selfish concerns when the common weal is involved; everywhere else the individual interest is inevitably coördinated with the general interest or subordinated to it. . . . Man cannot exercise his faculty of thinking without imagining an uncertain future which awakens fear or hope. He cannot reflect upon what Nature demands of him as a social being, without saying to himself that it would often be to his advantage to neglect his fellows and to think only of himself. In both cases, there would be a rupture of the normal, natural order. However, it is Nature which has intended him to be intelligent. . . . It is impossible that she should have taken no precautions to make certain that this order would be no sooner disturbed by intelligence than it would be automatically reëstablished. . . . [Static] Religion is a defensive reaction of Nature against the exercise of intelligence, in so far as this may be a source of depression in the individual or a cause of dissolution in society" (pp. 218-219).

There may be truth in this, but it is inadequate. The available evidence supports a different conclusion. A meditative study of mythology, for instance, suggests that the original purpose of non-mystical religion was to symbolize, to reflect, to foreshadow in imagination the "initiation" of the soul into the self-conscious realization of its own powers. The perverted forms which myth and ritual have so often assumed, are the work of impure human minds, not of "Nature". Even to-day, after centuries of corruption, non-mystical religion may still be described as in essence a preparation for mystical experience. It is

particularly significant that the great mystics have habitually used exoteric religious forms as the best available vehicles of their thought.

This does not contradict Bergson's thesis that there are two distinct streams of consciousness which are blended in the nature of man. If ethics and religion have no source other than a semi-conscious recognition of social obligations, interacting with the instinct of self-preservation, then man must be exactly what the zoölogists say he is,—an ape-like animal, with an abnormally developed brain. But there are other motives in human life, as anyone will admit who is not distracted by the desire to accommodate the facts to some materialistic preconception. All men who are not debased beyond redemption, occasionally are moved to act rightly by a spark of altruism, by some sentiment of sympathy or pity or compassion for others, even when those others are not members of the particular society to which they themselves belong. Very many have imagined, if only in the abstract, though very few have attained, an ideal of selfless love and aspiration. No interpretation of history is complete which neglects the need of the human soul perpetually to re-create itself in the image of the most perfect spiritual model which it can conceive.

Bergson has never failed to insist upon a spiritual origin for the spiritual qualities which alone make man a real human being and separate him from the lower kingdoms of Nature. Unlike the vast majority of modern psychologists, he has not represented the veritable *humanity* of man as a sort of distillation of inherited animal tendencies, for he regards that humanity as the *élan vital* itself, incarnating in the human animal at a certain stage of its development. The exceptional interest of his latest work is due to his recognition that spiritual qualities are manifested through "privileged individuals" before they become part of the common heritage of the race.

It would seem that Bergson himself does not fully realize the implications of this interpretation of human evolution. Most people are so steeped in the materialism of dogmatic biology that Bergson's views must actually seem radical, but in essence they are not far removed from the fundamental doctrine of all the great religions of the world. Every great religion has been built upon the tenet that there are *mediators* between man and the spiritual world, and the founders of the various religions have been regarded as such by their followers. In Theosophy, which is believed by many to be the Wisdom-Religion from which the historical religions have been derived, there is what is known as the doctrine of the Lodge, the Brotherhood of Masters, of those men whose evolution has progressed farther than that of the mass of mankind. To this Brotherhood, according to theosophical tradition, belong Buddha and Christ and all the supreme spiritual heroes of the race, as well as all those who have constituted themselves, in thought and will and deed, their disciples. It is, in the most real sense, a Brotherhood of mediators between the earthly and the divine. Much that Bergson says might be a commentary upon the doctrine of the Lodge. Also one ventures to suggest that if he had himself known and studied the doctrine of the Lodge, his own views would have been even more clear, even more complete, even more comprehensive.

"In every age there have arisen exceptional men in whom this [higher] morality incarnated itself. Before the Saints of Christendom, mankind had known the Sages of Greece, the Prophets of Israel, the Arhats of Buddhism, and others. It is to them that men have always made reference, in order to visualize the morality which is complete and which is properly called absolute. . . . This fact makes us feel that there is a difference of nature, and not merely of degree, between the [lower and the higher] moralities. . . . While the lower is the more pure and the more perfect, in the measure that it can be more clearly expressed in impersonal formulæ, the higher morality, in order to reveal itself fully, must be incarnated in a privileged personality who becomes an example. The general dissemination of the former depends upon the universal acceptance of a law; the general dissemination of the latter depends upon the common imitation of a model.

"Why have the Saints been imitated and why have great and good men been followed by crowds? They ask nothing and yet they receive so much. They have no need to exhort; they only have to exist; their existence is an appeal. For such is, indeed, the character of this other morality. Whereas a natural obligation is felt as a pressure or an impulsion, in the morality which is complete and perfect, there is an appeal.

"The nature of this appeal has been fully known only by those who have found themselves in the presence of a great moral personality. Each of us, on occasions when the habitual maxims of conduct have appeared insufficient, has asked himself what such or such a person would have expected of him. It may be a relative, a friend, . . . or someone whom we have never known. . . . It may even be a personality which is coming to birth within us, drawn from the depths of the soul into the light of consciousness, which we feel to be capable of later invading our whole nature, and to which we wish to attach ourselves for the moment, as the disciple attaches himself to the Master. In truth, this personality begins to design itself from the day when one takes it as a model: the desire to resemble, which generates in idea the form which one seeks to assume, is already resemblance" (pp. 29-30).

Bergson says that the essence of the higher morality is universal charity, and that such a state of consciousness is unattainable outside the domain of mystical experience, for the lower morality is social and is primarily operative only among the members of a social group. He believes that war is a wholly natural accompaniment of the stage of evolution through which the human race is passing, because mankind has always tended to separate and to divide itself into many races and tribes and nations. Only the mystic is capable of a true international sentiment, like the Stoic sage who could describe himself as a citizen of the world. Even so, it must be pointed out that a great mystic may be also a great national figure; certainly he will never be guilty of neutral or pacifist conduct when loyalty to a principle means the willing acceptance of war. Jeanne d'Arc was a great mystic.

"One may say that the second morality . . . differs from the first, in so far as it is human instead of being only social. . . . It is not by enlarging the city

that one will ever embrace humanity: between a social morality and a human morality the difference is not one of degree but of nature. The former is what we ordinarily think of when we feel ourselves to be naturally obliged. Above these very definite duties we like to imagine others. . . . Devotion, self-giving, the spirit of sacrifice, charity,—such are the words which occur to us when we think of them. But do we usually think of anything except words? No, without doubt, and we fully admit it. It is only necessary, we say, for the formula to be there; it will reveal all its meaning, . . . when an occasion arises. . . . Let these formulæ be filled with matter and let the matter be animated; then a new life is about to appear; we understand, we feel that another form of morality is coming into being. One might define this new morality as the love of humanity. And yet one would not express its essence by this term, for the love of humanity is not a motive which is sufficient unto itself and which acts directly. The teachers of youth are well aware that they cannot conquer egotism by the mere recommendation of 'altruism' " (pp. 31-32).

"If one were to say that the [superior] soul embraces [in Love] the whole of humanity, one would not go too far; one would not even go far enough; since its love is extended to include the animals, the plants, all Nature. However, its attitude cannot be defined by any object, for it may divest itself if necessary of all objects. Its form does not depend upon its content. We can fill it; and again we can empty it. Charity would continue to exist in the man who possesses it, even if there were no other living creature upon the earth" (p. 34).

One begins to understand why Bergson associates the moral regeneration of the human race with its ability to give birth to mystics. The great and good man (*le grand homme de bien*), whose example moves mankind, is great and good because his whole consciousness is a flame of universal charity. But this sentiment of a universal charity is mystical; it is an experience which can be known only by the awakened soul (*l'âme ouverte*) through which alone can pass the breath of the *élan vital*, the creative power from which the whole animate nature of the cosmos has proceeded.

Unfortunately, as regards one important point, Bergson is not sufficiently clear. Universal charity is, doubtless, the quality above all others which distinguishes the Gods from mortals. But that cannot mean that even the Gods love indiscriminately and equally any and everything in the Universe.

This becomes apparent, if we consider universal charity in its most practical application, upon which Bergson places so much emphasis. As we have seen, he attributes to the mystic a love of all humanity, contrasting this love with non-mystical devotion which cannot transcend the boundaries of a social or national or racial group. But what is the nature of this world-wide philanthropy? One can believe that spiritual Heroes, like Buddha and Christ, turn with thoughts of love towards every human soul which enters their presence; but there is no evidence whatsoever that they have an infinite affection for the demoniacal and elemental "personalities" of men which wage perpetual warfare with their souls for the possession of their consciousness and vital powers. It is one thing to love in a man his divine possibilities; it is another, to love his lower nature as a

thing in itself.

It is, indeed, dangerous—for the Western mind, at least—to toy with the idea of universal charity, unless this idea be properly qualified. Too easily it leads to sentimentality, to moral indifference, to the atrophy of the faculty of discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal. Before one can love humanity, as the Masters love it, one must learn to love *them*, and to love the goodness and truth and beauty which they make manifest. More and not less discrimination in love is needed, for one may justly assume that universal charity is truly attained only when it is balanced by an equally universal force of hatred directed against the iniquitous and the monstrous wherever these exist.

The general drift of Bergson's philosophy leads away from sentimentality and moral indifference. Nevertheless one regrets that he has not been more explicit in his description of the attributes of mystical love, for the unwary reader is apt to draw conclusions which were not intended. It is quite possible that if Bergson had been more definite in his thinking, he himself would not have indulged in certain vague speculations about international brotherhood and democratic progress which cloud his argument, especially in the last chapter of his book.

These reflections are not intended to cast doubt upon Bergson's testimony that mystical love is, in quality as well as in degree, of a different order from what is called love in ordinary human relations. He is justified in asserting that the mystic's compassion for suffering humanity is of universal essence, being incomparably more intense and more profound than any emotion known to a non-mystical consciousness. As he says, only the mystic is capable of a religion that can be rightly called dynamic.

"Static religion attaches man to life, and consequently the individual to society, by the repetition of stories comparable to those which put children to sleep. . . . But surely life is a thing just as desirable, more desirable even for man than for any other species, since these others exist as an effect produced by creative energy in its passage through them, while in man life signifies the success of creative effort, however incomplete and precarious that success may be. Why should man not recover the confidence which he lacks or which reflection may have shattered in him, by reascending the path in the direction from which the *élan* has come to him, in order that he may recover possession of that *élan?* He cannot do this by intelligence, in any case not by intelligence alone; . . . intelligence has a special function, and when it exalts itself in its speculations, at the best it makes us conceive of possibilities; it does not touch a reality. But we know that around intelligence there has remained a fringe of intuition, vague and evanescent. Can we not fix it, intensify it, above all, complete it in action, for it has remained in the state of pure vision only by a weakening of its principle? . . .

"A soul capable and worthy of this effort would not even ask whether the principle with which it is in contact is the transcendent cause of all things, or whether it is only the terrestrial agent of that cause. It would suffice to

feel that it is penetrated, without the absorption of its personality, by a being of far greater power than itself,—as iron is permeated by the fire which reddens it. Its attachment to life would be henceforth its inseparability from this principle, joy in joy, love of that which is only love. It would give itself to society by an overflow [of love], but to a society which would then be all humanity, loved in the love of that which is its principle. The confidence which static religion brings to men, would be transfigured; there would be no more concern for the future, no unquiet self-reference" (pp. 225-227).

"True mysticism is manifested at a point where the [general] current of spirit, projected across matter, would have probably wished to go, but which it could not attain. For mysticism makes sport of the obstacles with which Nature has had to compromise, and one does not understand the evolution of life, . . . if one does not recognize it as the quest of something inaccessible to which the great mystic attains. If all men, if many men could mount as high as this privileged person, Nature would not have terminated its work in man, for the mystic is in reality more than man. . . . It is, then, not by accident, it is in virtue of its very essence, that true mysticism is exceptional" (p. 228).

The mystic is more than man, but in part of his nature he remains human. Therefore, he can still speak to mankind and can awaken in their consciousness an echo of his own stupendous experience. Most often he uses the forms and even the dogmas of static religion as vehicles of his thought, infusing into them a new vitality and a new meaning. When a succession of mystics has thus laboured in the field of some religion, they may succeed in changing its content radically, for in such a case, the purifying work of each mystic is reënforced by the energy which his predecessors have "deposited" in their efforts towards the same end. Thus there may be established a true apostolic succession. Because no expenditure of force by a mystic is ever necessarily lost, that force can always be recovered by another member of the mystical "brotherhood".

So Bergson speaks of "the mysterious power which the present exerts over the past". True time, the duration of which is, in one sense, identical with life itself, is one and undivided; past, present and future are aspects of that which the mystic perceives as the Eternal, the Enduring. The errors, the defects, even the crimes of a life-time may be redeemed and may be made to give up an invaluable lesson for the soul, by the efficacy of some extraordinary action which converts the soul towards its proper end. It is true that most lives are crowded with insignificant and useless events, but it is within the power of everyone at every moment to change the whole setting in which they are placed, to integrate the useless and the insignificant into an ordered series in which no episode, not even the least, is devoid of dramatic significance. This is the accomplishment of the mystic. He transmutes past failure into present success, for he is the master of time. He has a certain affinity with the famous captains of history. His greatest battles have been won after they seemed to be lost.

Bergson gives a brief sketch of the history of mysticism in Greece, in India, and in Christendom. As it happens, he is not very successful. He underrates both the Greeks and the Hindus, and, in particular, he has failed to seize the

essence of Buddhism, which he regards as an incomplete form of mysticism because to attain Nirvana is "to remain suspended between two activities above the chasm of non-being (*dans le vertige du néant*)". Such a state of consciousness, if it existed, would undoubtedly lack "warmth", and would be incompatible with a complete mysticism, of which the elements are "action, creation, love" (p. 241). One must assume, in this instance, that it is Bergson's source of information which is incomplete. In any case, he has confused the form of the Buddha's teaching with its substance. A more careful study of the Buddhist scriptures would have indicated that if the Buddha stressed the need for a progressive and intensive detachment in his instructions to his disciples, it was not to lead them to the chasm of non-being, but to divert to the use of the spiritual man the powers of perception and action which are daily perverted and wasted by the lower psychic or animal man. The spiritual man can only truly act and create and love when those powers have been restored to him.

Bergson has a very definite predilection for the Christian mystics with whom he reveals a somewhat unexpected spiritual affinity. He calls them "the great mystics" and refers to them almost exclusively in his interpretation of the attributes of a "complete mysticism". The most beautiful passages in the book are those in which he expresses the indebtedness of mankind to the Christian Master and to those who have followed in his footsteps.

"When we consider in its completeness the interior evolution of the great mystics, we wonder how anyone could ever have compared them to invalids. Certainly, we live in a state of instable equilibrium, and the average health of the mind, like that of the body, is hard to define. Nevertheless, there is a state of rugged and exceptional intellectual health which may be recognized without difficulty. It is manifested by the taste for action, by the faculty of adaptation and of readaptation to circumstances, by firmness joined to flexibility, by the prophetic discernment of the possible and the impossible, by a spirit of simplicity which triumphs over complexities, finally by a superior good sense. Is this not exactly what we find in the mystics of whom we have spoken [St. Paul, St. Theresa, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Francis, and St. Jeanne d'Arc]? Might they not serve to illustrate a definition of intellectual robustness?" (pp. 243-244).

Bergson insists upon the fact that mystical experience is, in no way, analogous to dreaming or to absent-mindedness; that in its true form it is preëminently practical. He also points out that it is not primarily a state of abnormal visions and adventures, for the psychic phenomena and the ecstasies and raptures which mystics describe from time to time, are incidents upon their way, but are not the essentials of their search. The one essential, the one objective, is union with a divine consciousness. When the union is consummated, the mystic faces again in the direction of the world, but he is no longer the same man. He is an agent of the Divine Will.

"The mystical soul eliminates from its substance whatever is not sufficiently pure and resistant and plastic for the use of God. The soul has felt the presence of God, it believes that it has seen God in symbolic visions, it has even united itself with Him in ecstasy; but all these things have not been durable because

they were only contemplation: when it acted, the soul returned to itself and was detached from God. Now it is God who acts in the soul, by means of the soul; the union is complete and, therefore, final. Then words, like mechanism and instrument, evoke images which might better be left aside. One only uses them to give an idea of the work of preparation. We shall learn nothing thereby of the final result. Let us say that henceforth there is for the soul a superabundance of life. . . . There is an irresistible impulse which drives it forward into the vastest enterprises. The calm exaltation of all its faculties enables it to see largely, and, however feeble it may be, to act powerfully. Above all, it sees simply, and this simplicity . . . guides it through complexities which it seems not to notice. An innate science, or rather an acquired innocence, suggests at once the useful step, the decisive act, the word without reply. Of course, effort remains indispensable, and also endurance and perseverance. But they appear and are exerted without strain in a soul at once active and acted upon, whose liberty coincides with the divine activity. There is an enormous expenditure of energy, but this energy is provided as it is required, for the superabundance of vitality which is demanded flows from the very source of life. Now there is no question of visions: the Divinity would have no object in manifesting itself from outside to a soul henceforth filled with it. There is nothing which appears essentially to distinguish such a man from his fellows. . . . He alone is aware of a change which raises him to the rank of the *adjutores Dei*, the helpers of God, those who are passive towards God, active towards men. This elevation gives him no pride. Great, on the contrary, is his humility. Why should he not be humble, since he has known, in silent intercourse, the divine humility, meeting it face to face (*seul à seul*), experiencing an emotion in which his soul felt itself to be altogether melted! . . .

"The love which consumes him is no more simply the love of a man for God; it is the love of God for all men. Through God, by means of God, he loves all humanity with a divine love. . . . Such a love is in essence metaphysical rather than moral. With God's help, it seeks to complete the creation of the human species. . . . Its direction is that of the *élan* of life; it is that *élan* itself transmitted in its integrity to the privileged among mankind whose desire is to impress it upon the whole of humanity" (pp. 247-251).

If Bergson had known the doctrine of the Lodge, doubtless he would have been more definite and more specific. It is a supremely significant fact that in the East, from time immemorial, the relation of *Guru* and *chêla*, of Master and disciple, has been regarded as sacred. The "complete mystic", the Master, toils for the whole of humanity, but in particular he labours on behalf of his own disciples, who are said to be, not figuratively but literally, the children of his own soul. That Master is, in turn, the chêla or spiritual son of another Master of still higher degree, whom he loves and whose will he seeks to make effective in his own work in the world. "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. . . . I am the vine, ye are the branches." This is the Guru-parampara chain.

Thus the chêla finds his Higher Self, the Atman, in the consciousness of the Guru, who is, therefore, his "Father in Heaven". According to the doctrine

of the Lodge, God is made manifest to the world through a Divine Hierarchy, through the Logos; and the Master, whose consciousness is an undivided part of the consciousness of the Logos, represents the Divine for his disciples, standing at the head of their "ray". This seems to explain why the mystic's "love of God" is so ardent and—in one sense of the word—so personal. The mystic makes no distinction, even in thought, between his devotion to a Master and his worship of the Eternal, the unfathomable and unmanifested Divinity whose nature is expressed but is never exhausted by the infinitudes of space and time. The theologians who identified Christ with "the Maker of Heaven and Earth", were repeating the teachings of the Mysteries, even if they distorted their real import.

Bergson often describes the development of spiritual consciousness, as if it were a sort of "mutation" in Nature, an abrupt leap from one plane to another, without cause or foreshadowing. But it would seem to be more conformable to the facts, to regard the genesis of the mystic as corresponding to the emergence of the form of a plant from a seed. Here also there is apparently a sudden change from one state to another, but there is nothing anarchic or uncertain about it, for the form is potential in the seed before it becomes substantial in the growing plant. So according to the universal tradition of mysticism, the germ of spiritual consciousness is present in every human entity. As the Mahayâna Buddhists have said, every man may become a Bodhisattva. The *élan vital* makes existent in time that which eternally is in the "archetypal world".

In the East, as also in the history of Christian mysticism, there is recognition of a sudden incursion of the *élan vital* into an individual nature, giving it a new depth and intensity. The Christians have called it the Grace of God. But the Grace of God becomes active in conjunction with the self-purification and self-discipline of the human soul. Bergson does not lay sufficient emphasis upon the fact, to which every mystic has testified, that before a man can become one of the *adjutores Dei*, he must willingly adapt his whole life to an ascetic rule. It is further believed by Eastern mystics that his efforts to discipline himself are not bounded by the limits of a single life. From the point of view of a student of Theosophy, it is impossible to give an adequate explanation of the evolution of the spiritual man without acceptance of the doctrine of Reincarnation as a working hypothesis.

One cannot abstain from an expression of regret that Bergson has not had an opportunity to know in detail the theosophical philosophy. The last words of his book illustrate how near his theory is, in its general outline, to the theosophical view of the cosmic process and of man's high destiny.

"Humanity is not sufficiently aware that its future depends upon itself. First of all, it must decide whether it wishes to continue to live. Afterwards, it can ask itself whether it wishes only to live or whether it would also endeavour, even upon our refractory planet, to bring to completion the essential function of the universe which is a machine for the making of gods (*qui est une machine à faire des dieux*)."

STANLEY V. LADOW.

THE PARABLE OF THE PERSIAN BEGGAR

IT was close to fifty years since I had read the story, but it all came back to me as I heard it told again. The chapel in which I sat faded into the thin transparency of the unheeded fringes of perception. The sermon became an echo from far away, a voice that spoke in pictures, not in words, a sound that conjured sight,—the circumambient, unfocussed sight of memory, which sees from every side at once, matching a consciousness that is both actor and spectator, immanent and transcendent, establishing the whole scene with a single portion of itself, yet remaining separate.

It was a small boy that memory saw—a boy lying in the hay-loft of the cow-barn, between the broad loading windows whose heavy shutters had been opened wide, letting in the soft, low-murmuring western breeze, and the June sunshine falling in a yellow square upon the chaff-strewn floor. In his nostrils was the prickle of dust, and the scent of the winter-stored hay, and the smell of cows and and of the barnyard, and the heavy fragrance of the locust blossoms that whitened the grove across the lane. He lay with his chin in his hands, his elbows on the floor, his book propped up before him against the tines of the hay-fork. He was not very comfortable; the chaff was down his neck and up his sleeves and tickled; but of comfort he was thinking not at all; its heavy hand had not laid its hold upon him. The whole long afternoon was his. He was lord of his own demesne, a knight within his own high tower. Over the edge of his book he looked out upon the gracious slopes of field and meadow, and watched the slow drifting shadows of the clouds pass softly across their tender green. The world was very great and wide, and the depths of heaven compassed it around. Just beyond the woods they met—just beyond the woods; and anything at all might happen.

It was a tall book, in a binding of stamped green cloth, the page printed in double columns, broken with never-to-be-forgotten illustrations, vignettes, steel engraved, of strange princes and princesses, merchants and slave girls, who wore wide Turkish trousers or long flowing robes; who reclined on cushions on the floor; or were picked up and whisked away by awful genii, of good or ill intent. There was a picture of this selfsame Persian beggar, who, lifted from the gutter and made Caliph for a day, asked only for the wine that would bring him back to the stupor from which he had been waked. He was shown lying in his drunken sleep, with his enormous turban pillowed on a stone, while the real Caliph, of blessed memory, looked down upon him from beneath a turban still more huge.

The wind stirred the page. The yellow square of sunlight vanished from the floor. The shadow of the cloud spread across the fields into the woods.

I had not thought to hear that story set into a sermon. Until then I had not thought of it as a moral tale at all. To the boy in the hay-loft, with life all before him, it had seemed mere comedy, sheer buffoonery; the beggar had been so *silly*. But now, beyond the crest of middle age, facing the accounting that every man must render for "the swift and solemn trust of life", whose balance must so soon be struck yet needed such wide change,—here, re-echoed from the pulpit of this church, its irony graven deep in the world-worn faces all about me, it seemed that in this story was the essence of all the sermons that ever had been preached, the one lesson that all men needed and few learned, the one great all-embracing tragedy of human folly. Closest of all, it seemed the too common story of membership in the Theosophical Society.

What had been that beggar's Karma that the great Haroun-al-Raschid should have seen and stooped to him? It must have been a "good" day for him—his sores more pitiful than usual, and pity more productive of pence—to have enabled him to get so drunk; but of the golden chance the night would bring him, in the converging of the deeper currents of his fortune, he could have had no premonition. The tares and wheat that had grown so long together, life after life, the good and ill so vacillatingly pursued, here together came unheralded to their harvest. The feet of his lord turned toward him, and his lord's eyes, looking down, found him sleeping, drugged with wine. Yet even drunk, his luck had held. It was still pity and not anger that moved the Caliph's heart—such royal pity as would make its object royal as itself. But how can the little receive the great? How can the small and mean believe in magnanimity, or accept what it cannot conceive? Do not all creatures act according to their natures, and how could that beggar's suddenly be changed? When he waked on a silken couch within the Caliph's palace, clothed in fair, clean linen instead of his old, foul rags, when he saw the standing courtiers, waiting to hear his will, was it strange that he should have been fearful and suspicious? When he reached for his bottle and found it gone, and nothing to assuage his thirst or deaden the torment of his nerves; when he saw his sores all washed clean, and felt in vain within his girdle for the brush and bag of colour with which to heighten his scars, was it strange that he should think he had been robbed of all that made life bearable, his very means of livelihood taken from him? We see him turn his head away and weep his sorry fate, while the whole royal court wait to do his will, and the very princes of the kingdom envy him his chance. How could he, who for all those years had begged and tricked and cozened his way, know that here his will was sovereign; that now there was no need to whine or to pretend, but that he could command what he would, of high or low. And when at last the gentle kindness of those waiting lords brought him some small measure of trust and faith, so that he began to beg as he had always begged, could he have voiced other desires than those that he had sought and taken for his own all his life long, and so possessed that now they possessed him?

What is it draws this veil of special pleading across the boy's clear, impersonal and uncompromising sight, turning sheer silliness and besotted folly into tragedy and food for tears? Do we recognize that beggar within our own worldly selves,

and hear in these questions the very tones of the whining self-excuse and plea for pity that were his stock in trade? We are like him in more ways than one.

What was our Karma, the Karma of the members of the Theosophical Society —of you, into whose hands this magazine has fallen—that out of all the world the great Lords of Compassion should have seen and stooped to us? That they should have come to us in our drugged sleep, in our pleasures and our blindness, our moral squalor and self-pity, and lifted us up, unconsciously to ourselves, to knowledge of them and of the Lodge, into the palace of Truth, into the house of Life, where the Masters themselves call us "brothers" and offer us all the wealth and wisdom of the Spirit that through the ages they have gained,—where all the powers of the universe are spread before us and we are bidden to take what we can? What have we chosen? What have we taken? What willed and commanded? What have we desired? For what have we prayed?

Man judges himself; no other judges him. The Lords of Karma bring him to his choice; he makes it of and for himself. They can but wait upon it, and carry it out when it is made. Day by day he makes it, in act upon act, decision upon decision, struggling, striving, contriving, succeeding and failing, until at last, in the day when the heavens open, *it makes him*, acting out its nature in one swift, irrevocable stroke. To the Persian beggar, as to every man, the day of his kingship was his day of judgment. In that day, when whatever he could want was his for the taking, he wanted only wine—only the stimulus of the senses which deadens them to insensibility, only the exaltation of the self which loses self and life in dreams. That night they took him back, and laid him, drunk as they had found him, in the gutter whence he came.

M.

And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light.—JOHN III, 19.

And now, O Lord my God . . . I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in. And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people. . . . Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart.—FIRST BOOK OF THE KINGS, III, 7–9.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

VI

STARTING from London on August 24th, 1895, I arrived in New York in due course, and found this letter from Judge awaiting me:

August 23rd, 1895.

Dear Boy,

When you get this, I shall probably be in Cincinnati with Buck. That will alter the tone of former letter. For if you wish you can arrange to see me there—unless I go to New York. So, better find out by wire or otherwise first. It is not far. Have no hurry.

Best love,

Q.

A few days later, this letter reached me:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, September 2nd, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

My wire not to come yet, was sent because a letter of Griscom's hinted that you would come right here. Privately (*entre nous*) it is not convenient here now because of absence of a person and ill health of another, and that there is no place for you to sleep. You and Claude [Wright] have hurried matters, although I asked you not to do so, and to wait until we could communicate. It is true my second letter spoke of coming here, but I did not then know what to do. That did not alter the suggestions of the first.

Second. It is a $50. outlay, when poverty is the mode,—and for no good reason.

Third. There is no telling where I may go, at this critical point ["critical", in view of Judge's physical condition].

Fourth. No possible T.S. work can be done here; all people still away. And the other plans proposed are the same now. You had better do as I said first—don't alter my original plans—that is, work around Aryan [T.S.Branch], H.P.B., Brooklyn, Newark, Yonkers, etc., which will use up a couple of weeks or so. In the meantime, we shall have heard from each other.

I want to see you as much as you do me, and was very near running over to New York, but we must wait. There is no telling what may occur. So have patience. I must (again *entre nous*) ask you to beware of the precipitancy of C. F. Wright, even in this matter of route. If anything definite has been said to them (T.S.Branches, such as Toledo, etc. named), you had better have wires sent calling off arrangements until later.

It is best to work around New York until September 15th or 25th, and then you can arrange other places. People in this country stay away from towns

until September 25th to October 1st. Consequently you could do nothing valuable. Besides, I want you, *ab initio*, to become acquainted with (all if possible) our N.Y. and vicinity members before you go anywhere. That is our solid base of persons, and I don't want you to skip off as proposed. This is the *real* inside reason, and now you will know how to proceed. *Time enough* must be taken for it; and it being the beginning of things, it is of vastly more importance than coming here.

As ever thine,

Q.

Meanwhile I was doing my best to carry out Judge's instructions, speaking at the Branches in New York and vicinity, and meeting as many members as possible. In those days, we went from Branch to Branch, often giving the same lecture, with the same title, in each, and attempting to answer all questions that might be put to us by people in the audience. It appears from a notice in *The Path* that typewritten copies of a lecture entitled "The Brethren of the Flaming Heart", which I gave at a meeting of the "H.P.B." Branch, were sold at 50 cents "for the benefit of the Headquarters Lecture Fund". I should like to obtain a copy.

It was not until long afterwards that I more than half understood Judge's "inner reason" for wishing me to meet all the people in New York—his "solid base". Judge had plans the execution of which was made impossible by his premature death.

The next letter I received from Judge was postmarked Cincinnati.

September 4th, 1895.

Dear E.T.H.,

Just got your first letter since you "struck" America. The enclosed [a letter from Burcham Harding] will also give you an idea. You see he is regularly with the Central States Committee, and we must not muddle the work. He will get to the places in Ohio (also on the Central States Committee) by the right time of year. So (no matter what we may do about our meeting) I think after you have thoroughly done the work of connecting with all—if possible—the units at our centre, plans may be by way of New England and Canada instead of these centre states. No telling and no hurry.

Of course do not tell my inner reason for your meeting all there,—but you can say that you wish to know as many as you can.

As to cash: O.K. We'll discuss that.

I want you to know some of the people *well*—E.A.N., C.A.G., Spencer, Dr. Guild, Patterson, Main, etc. Also, diplomatically, pay some little attention to Elliott B. Page [an old and valued member, in charge of the book and publishing department, who was inclined to be touchy].

By following my suggestions on your intuition, you will see it work with a *long reach forward.*

As to cash again: even so, my boy, you must learn to know how to make

all your dollars do the most work. Hitherto you had no chance that way. That is one reason why I have had so much done on so little money.

As ever with love,

WILLIAM Q.

My health-chances better. I've almost paralyzed the bacilli tuber's.

The next letter was addressed to me, "care of C. A. Griscom, Jr., Esq., Flushing, Long Island", who had opened his home to me at Judge's suggestion, and with whom my relations were always of the closest.

"The G.D." mentioned by Judge was "The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn," of which Dr. W. Wynn Westcott ("W.W.W.") was one of the leading lights, with MacGregor Mathers as "Supreme Magus". The G.D. specialized in "magic",—astral and not always innocuous. Many members of the T.S. who resided in the north of England—Pattinson among them—were affiliated with it. H.P.B. had tolerated this sort of double allegiance in the hope that an understanding of Theosophy would end in the conversion of those who had been misled. Judge had no use whatever for the G.D., and none for its leaders. Bulmer was at that time the editor of *The Northern Theosophist.*

[Postmarked] CINCINNATI, OHIO, September 7th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

Just have yours. I go very carefully in those cases where I can't see the people. Bulmer *is* partly what he (C.) says. The G.D. should be called G.D. with an F. added. W.W.W. hates W.Q.J., and Pattinson is queer with a liking for W.Q.J. I know most of them. They are players.

Ah! Glad you helped C.F.W. Help when you can.

Each time you go to meet people be inside of Kew heart and strongly see Master and —— with you. You see already you have caught a hair line out to the N.W. 1500 miles by meeting those people.

Am glad no definite plans had to be revoked.

Yes, my boy, you must fully realize that this continent, as you say, is in an awful hurry, and you must get into the silence of calm so the hurry won't see you. If it nips you, you will lose too much force.

I may run off for two or three days to examine Asheville, N. Carolina, as a place to go to, and then will be able to say what I will do.

Entre nous, it is on the cards that I might go first to New York, in which case I would then see you. Indiana is going to shout for you. Don't promise.

Say—I have not yet sent a greeting to Europe. Will you draft and send me a short condensed one. At the same time try your hand and send me *points* you would propose in an "encyclical" by me to the U.S.T.S. Of course that will, when done, go all over. I will make it a state paper. Don't neglect present campaign for this.

It will be nice if I go to New York before starting south. If I were rich I would have you with me for a while.

If 'ere long—at the proper time—you could take in New Haven, it *might* be well; but it's a doubtful case anyhow. We have some rottenness there.

Do you think it too late to send greeting to Europe?

As ever,

Q.

[Postmarked] CINCINNATI, OHIO, September 12th, 1895.

Dear E.T.H.,

Why of course you are to see me before you either start off, or start to stay right there. I am waiting for events. And you were *not* to see me at any risk to the first few days or weeks.

Will you mail the enclosed to Mrs. Malcolm?

I do not suppose you will accept the Bunker invitation. There is a slight row coming on at Frisco. Even were you at Frisco to stay, I should be of the opinion it would not be wise for you to stay at Bunker's.

I had, just before your letter, sent on to C.F.W. my reply to the European letter. Let him show it to you. If you like, send it to Bulmer and *I.T.* [*Irish Theosophist*].

That idea for an article about not leaning on another is good. Why don't you seize the inspiration and do me an article for *Path* of, say, 1000 words. It would go in November and must come to my hand before insertion. If C.F.W. speaks to you about "Four Sins in Occultism", tell him there are seven; don't mention me.

Now look here. There is yet a residuum of the A.B. [Annie Besant] excitement and row in you. It is no use. We don't care a d—— about her or what she does or is. She's almost forgotten. There is no danger of reactions nor anything. We are just forging ahead, and she is a back number.

Yes, I am mending; but it is slow, slow, slow.

Enclosed cutting is to give you an idea of the peculiar boastfulness of America. You must get to understand all these things.

Haven't had nerve yet enough to write fully to Arch and Julia.

As ever,

Q.

Following Judge's instructions, I destroyed the letters he wrote me between September 12th and the date of the next one printed (October 4th). He was writing confidentially about people I was meeting or expected to meet, and about other private matters affecting the Movement.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., October 4th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

In haste. Address me

c/o Miss Gano,

Asheville, N. C.

So far all well. Have some things to say later.

As ever,

Q.

By now I had begun a lecturing tour which lasted for more than three months. Arriving in Boston on September 29th and lecturing there that evening on "Theosophy and the Theosophical Society", I spoke next day at Lynn, then again in Boston, then at Cambridge, Medford, Malden, at Boston again more than once, at Somerville, Lowell, and so to Providence, before proceeding to Syracuse, Buffalo and Toronto, on my way west and south. Everywhere I was received with the utmost kindness, both by the local members of the T.S., and, chiefly thanks to them, by the local press. The usual procedure was a Branch meeting in the afternoon and a public lecture in the evening, followed in many cases by a visit to the editor of some local newspaper, in whose office I would write a report of my lecture,—a very brief experience having proved that reporters, with the best of intentions, found either me or Theosophy, or both, entirely too much for their uninitiated minds.

It was the custom in those days for a Branch to entertain a duly accredited lecturer from Headquarters, each Branch doing its best to spare him (or Headquarters) the expense of hotel bills. Some local member would volunteer to act as host. Further, a collection would be taken up, privately and locally, to provide a railroad ticket to the next Branch to be visited. Occasionally a Branch, knowing that the Branch next to be visited was poor, would contribute extra money to supplement the efforts of its "neighbour",—separated from it, perhaps, by a day's journey or more. This method made for economy, but, as a new experience, was distinctly embarrassing, no matter how anxious one might be to adapt oneself to conditions, or to "play the game" according to rule.

I wrote fully to Judge, describing my experience, and doing my best to bring out its more humorous aspects in the hope that, ill as he was, he might derive some amusement from the "situations" which developed. Judge knew all the people I was meeting, and knew them well; so, as I was aware, he would see the reaction on both sides, and motives, occasionally, to which at the time I was blind. In one or two homes, where I was most hospitably entertained, the family was divided up the middle, for and against Theosophy,—and I did not know in advance, which was which. We would sit down for supper, a father, a mother, and perhaps half a dozen children, some of them grown-up. Some would look glum, some, cheerful. I speculated, mentally, as to the awful row they had had before I was invited to stay with them. Anyhow, which was which! It did not follow in the least that those who looked glum were "anti". One thing was sure: I must do my utmost to make a sufficiently good impression, partly for the sake of Theosophy and of Judge, but partly also for the sake of the "pros" in this particular family. It was hard work,—much harder work than lecturing. (Yet all of it was a pleasure,—inspiring, splendid, invigorating. I have no recollection of fatigue. Great forces were being let loose, and the tide, in 1895, was still rising.) In some cases there were no servants, for many of our members were poor, and I found it difficult to reconcile myself to being waited on at table by my hostess. When conversation became too arduous—for to have talked about Theosophy might have let loose a devastating explosion—I learned to fall back upon the charms and splendours of the local

Court House, or of any other local feature to which my attention had been called on my way from the railroad station, with as many questions as possible along similar lines.

In one or two cases, local members undertook to "test me out". True, they had heard this and that in the young man's favour, but some of them "came from Missouri", and they were not going to believe all they heard, even if Judge was supposed to have said it. In one place an incident occurred which I find most amusing in retrospect—and which I have no doubt entertained Judge greatly when I reported it to him—but which at the time I classified as a decided nuisance. The leading member was a woman doctor, dour and rather alarming. By some strange freak of fate, she had a very pretty daughter. On the day after my arrival, the mother announced peremptorily that her daughter would take me for a drive into the country. The mother knew that the girl was safely and happily engaged to be married. I did not know it until later. It was not the custom in my part of the world (this was a long time ago) for an unmarried girl to take a man for a drive. The least sign of unwillingness would, however, have been an offence. It was a miserable drive, with intense effort on both sides to make it appear enjoyable. If only I had known she was engaged: we could so easily have talked about *him*. I racked my brains, and doubtless she racked hers, poor thing. She was not interested in Theosophy: only in him. Finally back to the mother, who received us grimly, as if to say to me: "Now I have caught you". Yet if ever a girl exonerated a man, I am sure that when her mother questioned her, that girl exonerated me. I only hope she had the courage to tell her mother that if there was any more driving to be done, *she* would not be the victim.

There was more excuse in another case for a "testing out" process. The previous visitor from the New York Headquarters (a man I always liked well enough personally), had a lively imagination and a general feeling that it was part of his function *to know*. Consequently, when asked by some local members how their meetings could be kept free from elementals (!), he had answered, promptly and glibly: "Turn some chairs upside down, and place these, at intervals, in a circle round you". Somehow this did not sound just right to the inquirers, who in due course wrote to Judge, reporting their question and the answer, and asking for further light. Judge was angry and said so. He told the inquirers exactly what he thought of such "occult instruction", and he told the offender from Headquarters that he would never again be permitted to visit Branches unless he stopped such foolishness for ever. This had happened not very long before my visit, and, presumably, led the same group of members to put their heads together in an effort to concoct a question that would give me—and themselves—a corresponding opportunity. I knew nothing about this at the time, but when they propounded their question (I think it was based upon something in *The Secret Doctrine*, with elementals and Hierarchies all confounded), it seemed to me that there was only one possible reply, namely, that I had not the least idea what the answer was, and that they had better write to Judge and ask him. Before I left, one of them told me why they had

asked the question, and its origin, adding that he thought I might like to know that I had "passed". Judge confirmed his part in the story when I met him later at Aiken. How he hated insincerity, bluff, pretence, and the least shadow of deception. He was one of the most scrupulously honest men I have ever known. As often happens, his accusers attributed to him, that which they were,—but of which he was incapable.

Crosbie and the others mentioned in the following letter, were members of the Boston or neighbouring Branches.

October 6th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

Received yours from Boston and glad to know you get on so well; also that you found force. Tell them who it is you identify it with.

Private. Events are moving. C.F.W. has hatched a new idea for him. It is old with me. And I have encouraged him as will also the others. It is to hire a well-known hall regularly for Sunday mornings, and he to carry on the "services", so as finally to get if possible a big crowd. This of course involves a good deal which he in his red-headed hastiness does not see. But it's good anyway, and if successful will benefit the T.S. very much. But I do not want you to make solid engagements further ahead than one month. You can keep a month ahead all engaged. I do not mean *this* month, but simply have no further ahead of any day than one month, engaged. As you reel off a week, then add another week to make the month. Do this without giving any reasons save that that is your present method. Do you understand?

There is no more to say so I'll stop. Funny cognomens here. Two samples: Stickeleather; Swigegood.

Fine climate so far. Dry and dusty place. Am known here and my arrival is in paper and I am "in feeble health". What an adjective!

Keep up your courage and "glory be to America".

Tell Crosbie, Ayers, Wades, Guild and Somersall, of the dissolution of ———, and the general reasons and its real life anyway, and get back the symbols, which send ——— to keep for me.

As ever,

Q.

The "agreement with Wade" of the next letter refers to a promise I had made, and which I had promptly reported to Judge, to help Wade by contributing an article occasionally to a little magazine which he published, or planned to publish, on behalf of Theosophy in New England.

Always I carried Judge's last letter with me in my pocket. It helped me, I believed, to keep in touch with him. But I was making a desperate effort to keep a Petty Cash account, as I knew that would be his wish, and, for lack of other paper within reach, frequently used his envelopes for such entries as I find on this: "Porter .15; paper .5; Car .25": not a bad form of Yoga in the circumstances.

October 11th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

1st. That agreement with Wade: what's done is done, and it will have to go. But hereafter make no such plans without consulting me, as you do not know place nor people. And do not make any more with Wade. All your work should be for the centre, and not for those who split the energy up while poor *Path* languishes and things are low. We can't stop Wade, for he is a sort of bull. [Judge liked him none the less. Wade had tremendous energy and enthusiasm.] But we can put on brakes elsewhere. I did not give him the general permission he says. It was that I might do so in every case if I were asked in advance; and it was not contemplated that he should go in for independent publishing which can only succeed by an undercut of *Path* or rivalry, since the public (T.S.) is the same. So much for that.

If the energy expended on the Boston paper, on the Toronto *Lamp* and *Pacific Theosophist* were put into booming the *Path*, we might then have a good large magazine and be able to pay for certain necessary service which now we have to do without. [Judge was never in a position to employ a stenographer at Headquarters.]

That part of yours which has reference to the book on Occultism (another is on Karma), I unreservedly accept. I was wishing for that. Go ahead and write up—as you get now and then an hour—what you think about it, the plan, etc., etc. In *Path* you know I have a lot of stuff, "Conversations on Occultism", between Sage and Student. Jot your ideas down on paper the same size always, and file them between some boards or in a leather cover. We will keep them all there; and the Conversations ought to be cut out of *Path* and put in there. They will breed ideas.

Here is one idea on the publishing part: to get up a subscription edition on better paper, larger margin and better binding, at a higher price than the general edition. The general edition should be of two prices, say $1.00 and 0.50. Put that into the receptacle.

As to me, I feel that in time I will do more work of that kind than going about.

I hear from Claude that ——— says A.B. now declares H.P.B. faked up the telegram phenomenon with my aid. I wonder if true. But I do not place much reliance on those London tales. They all fell out wrong as to Burrows and what he would do. What a model ass he is.

Well, best luck. Let me know how you really feel in the work and among the people.

Q.

(To be continued)

RICHNESS OF LIFE

The Direction of Attention

THAT every man lives in a world of his own making, is a truth emphasized by the sages of all times, although—like other truths emphasized by sages—little heed has been paid to it. There are no courses at the universities on how to make one's world. Each man does it for himself, usually quite unconsciously, without the faintest idea of what he is doing, or of the principles which ought to guide him. Modern science, to be sure, may tell him that his world, which it calls his environment, and his heredity, are the two most important factors in his development, but, for the most part, it assumes that these factors are beyond his control. It also assumes, in spite of the importance which it ascribes to them, that they are much smaller things than they really are.

A man's true heredity is far more than the ancestry of his physical body. It includes the past incarnations of his soul. His real environment is the field of his consciousness, rather than the physical things that may happen to be in his vicinity. A blind man's environment is not changed by hanging pictures on his wall, no matter how beautiful they may be, or what effect they would have on an artist. It may be changed by music produced a thousand miles away and heard over the radio. With a volume of Shakespeare, a man in a hovel may change his environment completely. The point is that it is not what surrounds his body that affects him, but what surrounds his mind and heart,—his sensations, desires, thoughts and feelings. He lives in the midst of these; they constitute his world; and his happiness or unhappiness, his interest or boredom, his progress or deterioration, depend upon their nature.

What reaches a man from his surroundings depends mainly upon the direction of his attention, which, in turn, is either determined unconsciously by his interest and desire, or consciously by his will. Three men walk down the same street at the same time; the first, a pickpocket, watching craftily for a chance to filch the price of the drink he craves; the second, absorbed in a business problem, with no thought or heed for anything but its solution; and the third, an artist, delighting in the beauty of the sky and the reflection of the late afternoon sun turning dull, brick walls to gold. The street and the sunlight are the same in each case, but the worlds the three men live in are as far apart as the poles. A great mountain may be only an obstacle to the railroad builder, while to the geologist it tells a fascinating story of the play of gigantic natural forces over æons of time. To one sensitive to the voice of the Divine, the mountain may speak of yearning aspiration, or of the stillness of eternity. What speaks to each is the element to which in the past he has given his attention. Like a search-light, so badly mounted that, once fixed, its direction can only be changed after much time and effort, attention lights up from the darkness of the world around it,

only that little spot at which it has habitually been aimed. The whole range, from highest to lowest, from some aspect of the world of the spirit to the depths of materialism, is before us always, for those who have eyes to see.

A man's eyes see what they have been trained to see. In this, as in everything else, his freedom of choice in the present is limited by the choices he has made in the past. If the artist has given no attention to geology, he cannot, by merely wishing to do so, see what the geologist sees. In fact, we can only really perceive a thing at all when, and to the extent that, there is something of like nature already in our experience. As our experience consists of the aggregate of all to which in the past we have paid attention, it follows that what we can do with our attention at any given moment is largely determined by what we have done with it heretofore. In the same way, our range of possible action in the future is increased or diminished by what we do in the present. Language, so often wiser than its users, gives us a clue when it speaks of "paying attention". Attention is the coin with which Providence sends us into the world, and we pay it, minute by minute, for what we choose out of the infinite variety of offered wares. Whether we spend it wisely, or squander it like a spendthrift, that to which we pay attention becomes a part of ourselves, and it is thus that we have made ourselves whatever we are. Our memories, our experience, such knowledge and skill as we may possess, our purposes and desires, the nature of our thoughts and feelings, have all been built up to what they are as the result of paying attention to one thing, good or bad, rather than to another. In a very real sense, we *are* that to which we have in the past given our attention. We become that to which we now give it.

It is easy to see that this is true of memory, of knowledge and of all acquired skill, but perhaps not so evident in the case of thoughts, feelings and desires. We may, in fact, be accused of putting the cart before the horse, on the ground that it is desire that directs attention and not the other way around. It is true that nine times out of ten, attention is ruled by desire, but it need not be. It can be consciously controlled by the will. One of the most important elements in true education is learning to concentrate all one's attention on a single task under the direction of the will, irrespective of personal desire. But whether guided consciously by the will, or unconsciously by desire, attention is essential to the continued existence of any particular desire, or of any given type of thought or feeling. Desires grow by our brooding on them. They live on attention, which is as essential to them as water is to a plant, and without it, they die. Attention is to the desires what a stream of irrigating water is to an otherwise arid land. Where it goes, and nowhere else, there is bloom and growth,—of flowers or weeds, as the case may be. If attention be turned, and kept resolutely away from a particular desire, that desire will in time die of starvation. On the other hand, a desire will grow to the extent to which it is given attention. The proverbial small boy's desire to go to the circus grows with every minute he spends in thinking about it. Each time that he thinks of it with desire, he actually puts that much more desire into the idea. It comes to have a life of its own and to clamour constantly for still more attention, in order to feed thereon

and grow further. The desires to which we have given no attention do not trouble us. Few people, no matter how artistic, long to buy million-dollar Rembrandts, whereas many ardently wish for a new wall-paper in the dining-room. They have not thought about the Rembrandts and they have thought about the wall-paper.

As the control of attention by will enables a man to increase certain desires and to starve others, so it enables him to control the nature of his thoughts and feelings, and the character of his reaction to outer events. Constant mental attention to a feeling has a cumulative effect which makes that feeling grow out of all proportion. Everyday experience furnishes innumerable illustrations of this. Irritation at the merest trifle can thus be built up to a highly explosive condition, dangerous to all concerned. Darby has, perhaps, a way of humming to himself when Joan wants to read. If she makes up her mind to pay no attention to it, in a surprisingly short time she will not even hear it. If, on the contrary, she complains about it to herself, "I suppose he'll do it again tonight. There he goes. He knows I hate it and he always does it", etc., etc., watching for it every evening, and adding the weight of each day's grievance to the accumulated weight of all the past days, it may completely ruin her evenings, or lead to a humiliating explosion, good, perhaps, for Darby, but not for Joan. It is Darby and not Joan who should pay attention to Darby's failures in consideration.

Every event comes with many different handles by which it may be grasped. The universe offers its riches, and its shoddy, at each moment. According to the aspect to which we pay heed, the same event may bring us annoyance at personal inconvenience, or pleasure in an opportunity to help a friend; romance and the joy of battle, or discomfort and fear of disaster. A man strives for a prize and his friend gains it. He can centre his attention on his own disappointment, the injustice of the award and of the world in general, thereby filling his mind with self-pity, bitterness and envy; or he can centre it on his friend's happiness, and feel quite as much joy as if he had won the prize himself. According to his decision, his "environment" for the time being becomes envy or joy. After a series of such decisions, the reaction becomes automatic, and the man finds himself envious, or generous-hearted. "Man verily is formed of desire; as he desires, so he thinks; as he thinks, so he becomes." And the key to desire is attention.

We have spoken of desire as life-giving. Perhaps we should have described it as life-carrying, with a current that flows in both directions. When we give our attention to anything, not only do we give to it a portion of our own life, but there is a return flow from it which brings us something of its essence. Whether this essence be welcome or unwelcome, high or low, it enters our mind through the door opened by attention, and becomes a part of us. To the extent to which we give attention to a purpose or a cause, we live with the life of that purpose. If it be a selfish purpose, the life that returns to us and with which we then live, is sordid. If it were the service of the Masters to which we gave ourselves, we should live with life eternal. When a man attends to

nobility and honour, there is a return flow to him of their essence, and he grows in nobility; when he attends to grossness and vulgarity, he becomes gross and vulgar.

It is for this reason that to certain things, unclean, vulgar or degrading in themselves, no attention should ever be given except when duty requires it. In that case, it is to the duty first, and to the thing, second, that we give attention. Nevertheless, even then there is a sacrifice involved to which we should not be blind. If it be our *duty* to touch pitch, to refuse because it is defiling, is to fall into self-righteousness, and to prepare for ourselves the future "bed of mire", of which *Light on the Path* speaks. But pitch remains defiling and, duty or no duty, attention can never be given to it without some degree of defilement. If those who genuinely condemn evil, realized how much their own lower natures relished the contact that any attention to evil involves, many would be astonished and humiliated. "Whether he love sin or hate sin", if he give attention to sin, "he is equally tied to sin". Attention in itself constitutes a bond. It is *not* true that "to the pure all things are pure". To be pure is to be clear-sighted, and hence to see unclean minds, and unclean "art", and unclean books for what they are. To give attention to them is to take their unclean essence into ourselves.

Self-examination, in which attention is given to faults for the purpose of freeing oneself from them, may appear to be a violation of this principle, but it is not really so, because we are already bound to the faults we have. Attention is given them partly to build up aversion to them, and partly to enable us to see clearly where we should strike to cut the existing bonds. "Self-examination" that is merely brooding on one's failings, and that is not followed by resolute action against them, is always harmful.

The character of that to which we give attention determines the character of the return flow to us, and that, in turn, determines the richness or poverty of our own life and consciousness. If a man gives all his attention to golf and horses, he limits the life he receives to what can be cramped within golf and horses, or rather within the qualities those activities call forth. Golf, of course, has no "life" of its own to give, but it brings out qualities that do have certain types of life. Even here, in spite of their obvious limitations and of the similarity of "horsey"—or golfing—communities the world over, there is a considerable range between the highest and the lowest "essences" to be extracted from them. A man may play golf from vanity, because he thinks he plays a good game, and he gets the essence of vanity back from it. Or he may be attracted by the coolness and self-control under excitement called forth by the need for a long, accurate put, at a critical point in the game. We certainly would not deny the exhilaration of handling a high-spirited thoroughbred, or of taking a four-foot fence on a good hunter, but, however enjoyable, one would hardly describe these things as "richness of life". Whatever of richness they may have, is due to the presence of some quality of the spirit—courage, delicacy of control, coolness, or whatever it may be.

It is always the spirit that makes richness of life, and it is only by attention

to the things of the spirit that it can be attained. Excitement, to which those seeking richness so often turn, is a specious counterfeit, always followed by a reaction of dulness, and which, in time, so deadens the power of enjoyment that stronger and stronger doses have to be taken to produce any effect. This dulling of the faculties of enjoyment is particularly noticeable in children who have been brought up on the "movies". On the other hand, appreciation of the things of the spirit grows keener with exercise. The more one attends to beauty, or nobility, or the search for truth, or any other aspect of the spirit, the more intense will be one's joy in them. Attending to them builds up the desire for them, a desire that, recognized or unrecognized, every one has; for every soul, deep within itself, longs for its home and for the things of its home. Attention to the spirit brings our hearts and minds into some touch with the spirit itself. Just as spring sunshine is necessary to call flowers from the earth into bloom, this touch of the spirit is needed for the blossoming of powers and faculties of heart and mind, that otherwise lie dormant or atrophy. It is these faculties that bring intensity and fineness of feeling, keenness of appreciation, breadth of interest, sympathy, understanding, reverence, love for what is beautiful, high and noble, and all that makes life worth while.

As the direction of his attention determines ultimately what a man desires, what he becomes, the world he lives in, and the nature of the life with which he lives, it would seem desirable to pay heed to one's attention. The first step is to become conscious of just what it is doing at each moment. If this sounds easy to anyone, let him try to hold his attention steadily on one subject for five minutes, and then see how many times and how far it wandered before he became conscious of what it was about. With most people, as we have said, it is ruled, quite unconsciously to themselves, by their personal desires, and they have little idea, and less control, of what it is doing most of the time. It must be reclaimed from its slavery to desire and brought under the control of the will. Obviously, the power of attention will not take a man far toward his goal if he consciously directs it in the right way for one hour a day, and, for the remaining twenty-three, unconsciously lets it go in the opposite direction. For spiritual progress, in which a few moments' wrong thought can do untold harm, and the most rigid control of the mind is necessary, a constant, alert attention, like that of a sentry on guard in the face of an enemy, is essential. Thoughts are dynamic things that vitally affect both ourselves and others. We have no more right to produce them without attention to their character than we have to drive an automobile with our eyes shut.

J. F. B. Mitchell.

PSYCHOANALYSIS

AN EXPLANATION AND INTERPRETATION

Further, the more important part of their science escapes them, the part which discerns in the soul what truly belongs to it and what does not, what movements are from within, what movements are from without, and, among these last, which come from the devil and which come from God. Nor can they know with what capacity for faith and love a particular soul has been endowed, nor what precise means of sanctification is foreseen for it in the divine plan. While they ignore and make a point of ignoring the virtues and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and the whole activity of the supernatural life, they will only skim the surface of men,—one half of man's secret will always escape them.—THE SECRET OF THE CURÉ D'ARS.

PSYCHOANALYSIS is the name given to a method of diagnosing and treating certain maladies that afflict men and women. Whether one condemn or approve this method, one should be fair to it, recognizing that, bad or good, it has been brought into existence by a dire human need. That need is for remedial measures adequate to check the alarming increase of the insane. Even a casual reader of newspaper statistics, knows how appalling is the number who suffer from cancer and tuberculosis; but the combined total of those afflicted with cancer, tuberculosis, and all other physical disease, is actually less than the number of those who are diseased mentally.

Bodily diseases often cause excruciating suffering, but the duration of those ills is limited, and after a year or two, the man or woman either recovers, or is released from the tormented body. With mental disease, the alternative is not so clear or hopeful. In our country alone, no less than 400,000 pitiable individuals are condemned for life or long terms, to the prison of an insane mind. In addition to the 400,000 declared insane by the public law courts, there is a second multitude,—those mentally or nervously disordered, men and women not yet insane, but likely to become so, unless preventive and remedial treatment be found for them,—afflicted people for the origin of whose baffling symptoms, their physicians have in vain searched every organ and tissue of the physical body. In perplexity, some physicians began to inquire: have we been looking in the wrong place for the cause of these distressing symptoms? Ought we to seek a clue within the mental and emotional nature, or, to use the Greek word, within the *psychic* body? As an experiment, those physicians began to investigate the mental and emotional history of their patients, and out of their analyses grew this method of treatment—now a popular fad—psychoanalysis. "Psychoanalysis occupies itself", writes Professor McDougall, "with the explanation and cure of what are called nervous disorders".

The first physician to make systematic analyses, to report his results and

the theories he derived from them, was Professor Sigmund Freud, the Viennese neurologist. The unsavoury odour that surrounds the practice and literature of psychoanalysis, proceeds from personal traits in some of the investigators as well as in their patients. Men with no religious principle, those psychiatrists recognize nothing in human nature that comes to it "from above"; they regard men and women only as one species of animal. Moreover, the past history of their patients, many of a grossly sensual type, proved to be just what the investigators desired to find. Morbid and malodorous details were published by Freud and his confrères, and were avidly welcomed by the licentious decade that followed the close of the World War. In dealing with diseased minds it will often be necessary to deal with gross and distasteful things. Knowledge of such morbid conditions,—their causes and cures, the physician must have, but he need not take unnecessary trouble, as Freud seems often to have done, to connect abnormal mental states with matters sexual. It is this italicising of what is indecent and immoral that offends right-minded people. In the hands of other practitioners, doctors of clean fibre, who work with a decent grade of patients, there has been evolved from Freud's crude beginning a theory and practice that is worthy of study.

Freud began by studying those human tendencies which he calls *instincts*. Because the word "instinct" is used to-day in different senses by various groups of psychologists, Freud's meaning must be made clear and distinctive. For example, to the psychologists of Dr. John Watson's group, "Behaviourists" (another popular fad), an instinct is nothing but an habitual response to a given stimulus. The nerve cell, as they see the process, is excited at one end, and the exciting impulse is carried along a fixed system of nerve fibres until it reaches its destination in a certain group of muscles or glands; there, an unvarying response is made. Those unvarying responses, together with Dr. Watson's deductions from them as to the causes of human conduct (behaviour), constitute this new *ism*. Freud is less mechanistic than Dr. Watson, for to him an instinct involves consciousness, and consciousness may of course *vary* the responses made to any given stimulus. Freud does not toss overboard all the accumulated experience of the ages, but holds with Aristotle, Schopenhauer and others, that the "most fundamental characteristic of men and animals is their purposive striving toward ends or goals." These strivings, purposive and, therefore, conscious, which seem to be a fundamental human characteristic, Freud calls *instincts*. Among the instincts, named from the goal toward which they strive, are: the instinct toward pleasure; the instinct toward the exercise of force or power; the instinct toward self-preservation; the instinct toward the perpetuation of the race; the instinct toward the maintenance of nutrition; etc., etc.

It is obvious that whenever various instincts struggle within a man, each toward its respective goal, they come into rivalry and start a civil war. That strife is one kind of hindrance that blocks the path toward satisfaction—a hindrance that, in varying circumstances, gives victory or defeat, now to one instinct, now to another. A second set of hindrances arises when the instinc-

tive, natural man has developed to the point of recognizing moral standards given "from above", a state of development that is inherited from a long Karmic past. Human instincts as they move to-day along the paths toward satisfaction, often find unexpected barriers in the way. What action will the owner of the instincts take when he comes upon those thwarting ramparts?

The man may say: "These barriers have been built by the generations of mankind because experience had demonstrated not only the convenience but the need at this point of a barricade; I will therefore be guided by the accumulated wisdom of my race". He then acts decisively; he does not try to leap the barrier or crawl through some cranny of it, but turns completely from the barricaded road, and transfers, toward a new goal, the energy that hitherto had propelled his course. To be congratulated is the man who acts thus, decisively, and turns into a new path, refusing to gratify an instinct that may be "natural" but that, at his stage of development, conflicts with some law—of heaven or of earth. Such a man will never fall victim to nervous disorder. On the other hand, a man may act indecisively; he may half-heartedly accept the barriers as inevitable,—fretting, nevertheless, because instincts that are "natural", and which he himself has had nothing to do with implanting in his nature, find interferences in the way of "innocent" gratification. He acts indecisively, incompletely. He accepts the barriers—but with a reservation; he accepts them, "for the present", until ingenuity can find a way to surmount them. He does not expel the impulse, as the first man did, but, instead, pushes it off the scene, trusting to the adage, "out of sight, out of mind". This half-heartedness in dealing with instincts, half-heartedness which amounts to mere postponement of gratification, the psychoanalysts call by the technical word, *repression*, as they likewise give to the repressed instincts themselves, the name, *complexes*.

Little does the victim of half-heartedness realize the bitter draught he is brewing for himself. All that he has done by repressing his impulse, is to banish from his drawing-room to his cellar, what should have been driven from his house. In the cellar of his subconscious mind, that banished instinct becomes a rat, gnawing and gnawing to open a subterranean passageway to gratification, the conscious mind giving little attention to scamperings in the cellar, so long as the rats keep out of sight, out of the drawing-room. Poor victim, self-doomed to misery! For, strange as it may seem, many nervous disorders, with all their train of sufferings, are self-caused; they are nothing less or more than disguised gratifications of repressed instincts. In other words, *according to the theories of psychoanalysis*, a nervous disorder means that the rat in the cellar has been persistent enough to gnaw a passageway to fulfilment,—fulfilment though *disguised*, the disguise—often most distorted—being adopted for the express purpose of deluding the conscious mind, which, for sufficient reason, shrinks from *open* gratification of that particular impulse.

Psychoanalysis is concerned with these rats, the impulses repressed and banished to the subconscious mind,—to ferret them out. For if not ferreted out and exterminated, they may lead from nervous disorders which are them-

selves things of no joy, to mental diseases,—they may lead from the mid-valley of indecision down to the black dungeons of insanity.

Two choices open to a man, and their consequences, have been mentioned,—positive decision and half-hearted postponement. There is yet a third choice; a man may act decisively, but *in the wrong direction.* The consequence of that choice is, ultimately, debauchery or insanity. Encountering the barriers which the experience of the race has built, the man may say that, willy nilly, he will storm the barricade and gratify his desire. The particular instinct which he wishes to satisfy may be that for power, and he can see that, were he President of the United States, he would be in a position of some authority. The votes of the nation do not make him President; but, within himself, he has a faculty more potent than votes, the faculty of fancy, a perversion of imagination. He storms the barricade, withdraws from his actual environment, and lives in a fantasy world of his own creation. Satisfaction of his desire being denied him on a substantial plane, he gives himself illusory gratification on the plane of unsubstantial fantasy. At last, he *believes* himself to be President, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, etc., etc. Acquaintances may deride his belief—but then, he tells himself, his acquaintances are all deranged, and he, the great President, is the only sane individual of that particular neighbourhood. He has defied the accumulated experience of the race, and has bounded over the restraining barrier—into the madhouse; he is insane.

It is not however with insanity, the final stage of the road, that psychoanalysis concerns itself, but with the mid-valley of the undecided,—those who, afflicted with nervous disorders, are leading disturbed lives, some of whom may become insane if their condition be not alleviated and cured.

People subject to nervous disorders seem to fall into two psychological groups, the *introvert* and the *extrovert*, both of which depart, but in opposite directions, from the normal human type. The normal man stands between two worlds; he is sensitively poised between an outer world of environment and an inner world of thought and standards. He ponders those two worlds, weighing one against the other until he strikes a balance. The introvert, as the name suggests, looks too much within, and too little upon what is around him; he is "off balance". If the introvert becomes completely and permanently "off balance", giving no heed whatever to facts of his environment, he is insane. The extrovert likewise is "off balance", in that he is too easily influenced by external factors, not bringing such factors before the bar of inner judgment. He acts without reflection, is the victim of external conditions, and may become so victimized by outer influences as hopelessly to lose balance, in insanity.

To illustrate, consider first the *introvert.* Here are two examples of nervous oddity, disturbances of the very slightest nature indeed, which yet might develop into serious disorder. I. A child of seven, walking with an aunt through a woodland, strayed and was lost. After no great interval the aunt found her niece wedged between two rocks at the foot of a small waterfall. Fearful of punishment at home, the child begged her aunt not to mention the escapade, and the indulgent aunt so promised. Within a few days, the visit came to an

end, the aunt went to live in a distant state, and no one of the family knew of the child's act. As she grew into girlhood, that child was always terrified by the sight or sound of running water, an oddity that caused comment in the home and among friends. Thirteen years later, the aunt again visited her relatives, and noticing one day her niece's terror as the faucet ran noisily, said with a quizzical smile, "I have never told". The long forgotten adventure at the waterfall was recalled; and after that explanation, it is said, the young woman's nervous fear entirely disappeared.[1]

II. A respectable elderly man, Mr. B—, had such a fear of being seized from behind, that, on the street, he was frequently looking over his shoulder, and, within doors, sat, if possible, with his back against a wall. This odd behaviour had marked him from childhood. In his fifty-sixth year, Mr. B— made a visit to the town of his birth, and among other old acquaintances, encountered an aged grocer who still conducted the little shop which had lingered from boyhood in Mr. B—'s memory. The old grocer smilingly asked Mr B— whether he remembered the peanuts, and on receiving a negative reply, he told how B— as a boy, had the habit of snatching a few peanuts whenever he passed the shop, until the grocer, determined to end the pilfering, one day concealed himself behind a hogshead as the boy approached, and then from the rear leaped out upon the lad who was thus caught while his hand was in the sack. Screaming with terror, the boy had fallen to the ground, unconscious. As in the case of the girl just mentioned, B—'s nervous abnormality is said to have disappeared soon after its forgotten cause was brought back to memory.

What have these odd forms of nervousness to do with psychoanalysis, which concerns itself with gnawing instincts? Self-preservation is an instinct, and from that branch there ramifies the twig of self-respect, more usually called, medically, self-regard. There are right and wrong ways of guarding self-respect. A conscientious man of disciplined will, who by wrong-doing has lowered self-respect, acknowledges his fault, tries to make reparation for it, and regains *mentem consciam recti*. The girl and the boy just described were not concerned over their wrong-doing, but were eager to escape the consequences. Punishment at home, it is contended, would have ended the matter by transforming the guilty memory into a wholesome one that would deter from future wrong-doing. Punishment they escaped, but they could not escape their own memory of guilt. Self-regard could not bear the sight of the unwelcome memory, and banished it to the cellar. Confinement in the cellar does not put an end to a trouble maker. Force put into wrong action continues until expiated in some return circuit. The banished memory, like a rat, had obtruded its scamperings (i.e., "fear of running water", and "fear of being seized") upon the drawing-room,—the individual not at all understanding that he was himself responsible for the rat. Forgetting all the circumstances that surround an uncomplimentary incident, as shown by the girl and by Mr. B—, is said to be *purposed*, and this *purposed forgetfulness* is called technically, *amnesia*. "Every *phobia*" (a

[1] This and the following cases are cited in Professor Wm. McDougall's book, *Outline of Abnormal Psychology*, p. 306 *et seq.*

nervous fear, the cause of which is unknown to the patient), says Dr. Stekel, "is a punishment exacted by consciousness of guilt".

On the theory of psychoanalysis, the rôle of the analyst was taken in these two cases by the aunt and the grocer, who held each the clue to the mystery. With the girl and the boy, the fear was too slight to produce a marked disorder—it caused only freakishness of manner. In more severe cases, no friendly individual possessing a clue, the patient must have the aid of an intelligent worker trained to search minutely through the past, until he penetrates the self-draped veils of amnesia which hide from the sufferer the cause of his trouble. When these veils of amnesia are torn aside, and the patient is confronted with forgotten facts, his *neurosis*, or nervous disorder, frequently comes to a happy end: or so we are told.

In the next illustration, also of the introvert type, morbid scrupulosity is shown, that is, a *form of obsession*, the individual being thrown "off balance" by undue attention to an inner standard of conduct. As a result of over-scrupulousness in the discharge of duty, a certain middle-aged naval officer, N—, became self-depreciatory to the point of losing the confidence of his fellow officers, though hitherto they had respected and admired his integrity and ability. A devout Catholic, trained in a Jesuit college, his increasing indecision and inefficiency mystified his associates. Investigation disclosed that an incident on a torpedoed ship was responsible for the neurosis. A young lieutenant, panic-stricken in the waves, though in no immediate danger (buoyed as he was by a life-belt), had shouted to N— for a second belt. N— was on the deck of the sinking vessel, no belt was in sight, and seeing that the lieutenant was to all appearance sufficiently protected, he had not deprived himself of his own belt in order to quiet the terrified youth. Shortly after that incident, an hallucination began to trouble N—. From time to time he would see the young officer floating upon the waves, a corpse. It was this haunting sight that had caused him to examine and re-examine with morbid scrupulosity every detail of duty assigned him, until he became indecisive and utterly inefficient. Brought face to face with the cause of his brooding, N— was freed, we are told, from the hallucination. Presumably, something in his refusal to grant the lieutenant's request had not satisfied his code. Conscience may have whispered that an elder officer should show more sympathy to an inexperienced and unreasonably terrified youth. The physician who reported the case does not tell what verdict N— passed upon his own act. It is possible that he confessed he had made a mistake. Hearty repentance for wrong done, often frees from seething uncertainties.

Let us now look at examples of the *extrovert* type, impulsive and impressionable people who act upon the desire of the moment, with little interior check. The vitality of such people often seems inexhaustible, but they are swept from their inner mooring, become victims of their own emotions, and their valuable energy is frittered away.

On account of an exemplary professional career, K— was requested by his associates to step out from a quiet and inconspicuous field of labour, in order

to engage actively in a presidential campaign where principles of more than usual importance were at stake. K— had never before made a public address, and was as pleased as surprised at his success. He had never experienced the sensation of influencing a crowd, and the sense of power it brought, "went to his head". He began to make addresses for the sole purpose of experiencing that sensation, and his conduct became in consequence eccentric. Early in the morning, at the window of his hotel room, by animated gestures he would stop passers-by, and when he had assembled an audience, would deliver a fiery harangue. The response made by the crowd to his eloquence caused him, he said, to "feel like a god", and when campaign associates, alarmed at his excitement, endeavoured to quiet his elation, he became extremely irritable and scornful. Tactful management restored him, but the case shows how a mania might develop. It was the instinct for power asserting itself regardless of ordinary conventions.

When an unbalanced man is positive and aggressive toward his environment as K— was, the resultant disorder is a *mania*. An unbalanced man who is negative and passive to environment, brings upon himself the opposite of mania, a *depression*. These two forms of disease exhibited by extroverts, are commonly grouped together as the *manic-depressive* psychoses, because it is usual for patients to pass back and forth from mania to depression in cycles. Fear dominates a depressed person. He feels useless, weak, and accuses himself of innumerable crimes, especially of having committed "the unpardonable sin", without having the vaguest notion what that sin may be. He imagines all sorts of punishment that will overtake him. Too frequently, this affliction ends in suicide; but if the individual can be protected from himself, the depression almost invariably passes away, and he may become normal once more.

Another disorder that occurs in persons of the extrovert type is *hysteria*. *Hysteria*, according to this school, is a refuge supplied by the subconscious mind from some condition which the individual prefers not to face. When a man is desirous of being excused from an unpleasant task, and can substantiate his desire with no valid reason such as a physical disease, his subconscious mind most obligingly comes to the rescue, producing a sufficiently serious nervous illness (simulating physical disease) to obtain release from duty. Shell-shock, in some cases, may be a form of *hysteria*—a subconscious imitation of disease —in which case the motive back of that imitation is desire to evade the conflict. During the War, a soldier received a wound in his shoulder. The wound soon healed, but the man's arm was unexpectedly found to be paralyzed, and he was discharged as unfit for further duty. For several years the paralysis continued, and, through disuse, the muscles of the arm degenerated. Wishing to be rid of the limb, now inconvenient as well as useless, the man visited a surgeon, with a view to amputation, but the surgeon first called into consultation a neurologist. The neurologist found that the shoulder muscles as well as the arm muscles had degenerated, though the nerves of the shoulder lay entirely outside the area affected by the original flesh wound. Convinced that what appeared to be complete organic paralysis was in truth *hysteria*, the

neurologist assured the patient that his arm could be completely restored, and before the first interview ended, the man was moving his fingers. In a few weeks the entire arm was functioning normally.[2]

What caused that *hysteria*? In that as in similar cases, it was the desire to quit the field of action, but to quit without disgrace. To effect that, there must be adequate injury. The subconscious mind is therefore expectant and anticipative, and consequently the effects upon it of some fear-producing episode, are out of all proportion to the physical damage actually received. After the accident, there is usually a period during which the subconscious mind works quietly to achieve its aim, a dormant period before the neurosis appears. Then, shortly before the soldier is scheduled to resume active work, there will develop from a minor accident, symptoms of a major nature. Quite obviously that soldier had not concentrated his attention upon doing his utmost, but was meditating an escape from an unpleasant environment, an escape that would at the same time "save his face". The instinct to preserve himself from danger prompted him to run away, but flight was checked by the conflicting instinct of self-regard which pictured vividly the disgrace to be incurred. Instead of crushing the desire to desert, the soldier merely pushed it into his cellar where the subconscious mind worked upon it until the insignificant flesh wound served as starting point and pretext for the paralysis. To the man's discomfiture, the paralyzed arm continued to plague him long after its "usefulness" (i.e., to procure a discharge with honour) was over.

Similar evasions of duty, effected through the connivance of the subconscious mind, occur in civilian as well as military life. Since the passage of the "Workmen's Compensation Laws" (which compel employers to compensate employees for injuries received in the discharge of duty), nervous diseases are encountered more frequently than formerly in industrial callings. Under hysteria, there is a sub-group of disorders known as the *traumatic neuroses*, because they start in a slight injury, or at least in fear of an injury (trauma being the medical term for injury). A large mechanical crane falling from its supports, wedged the operator between a heavy piece of steel and the wall of the room. The only physical injury he sustained was a slight bruise on one leg, X-rays showing no injury to the bone, and careful examination revealing no sign of injury to nerve fibres. For several months after the bruise had disappeared, the operator still limped, and he continued to receive full wages, though he performed no service, alleging that severe pain made work impossible. The physician responsible for the employees finally became convinced that the limp was psychological not physical, and to close the case, recommended a cash settlement for disability. When this was made, the limping soon ceased. Whenever an injured workman has financial interest in the business, or for some reason is not entitled to compensation, he returns quickly to duty. Another common form of hysteria is pain in the back, following a railroad wreck, and this is known medically as "railway spine". For this ailment no physical origin can be demonstrated, yet after every wreck, the railway companies

[2] Cited by Professor Foster Kennedy, neurologist at Cornell University Medical College, in lecture, in 1925.

spend large sums in settlement of claims based upon such pains. It is interesting to note that a special train carrying only high officials of the road was once wrecked, giving the officers a rough jolt. Not a single case of "railway spine" developed after that accident because, as controlling stockholders, any cash settlement would have come from their own pockets. It should be clear that no reference is being made to deliberate malingerers, but to people of another type who have no conscious desire to make an unjust claim. Fear is present in their minds, and the subconscious thought that the authorities responsible are able to pay for any injury that may be sustained. When the fright is over, and he cannot find a physical injury, the passenger's repressed desire for compensation keeps active through subconscious channels until it clears a way to cash—by the development of pain in the back.

Having considered (1) what it is that psychoanalysis deals with, and (2) the psychological types subject to nervous disorders, let us now turn to (3) methods employed in analyzing and treating the neuroses.

There are two major steps in psychoanalysis. I, *Exploration* of the patient's mind, for the purpose of discovering the origin of the morbid state. II, *Readjustment* of the patient's life.

1. The *exploration* includes minute examination of the past life, including ancestral and antenatal environment, likes and dislikes as they touch both persons and things; and a review of all his theories, hopes, beliefs, and desires. Without being aware of it, the patient will conceal the very things which are of most importance to the diagnosis. To elicit further information, the physician asks him to read a list of words, matching each word in the list with the first one of his own that it calls to mind. In making replies, the patient will hesitate slightly at such words as have special significance to him. The investigator then segregates those special words and the replies they evoked, and builds them into an hypothesis. Dreams likewise are carefully examined, with an attempt to interpret them. In addition, hypnotism is often used as an aid to exploration.

Between analysis and readjustment there is an intermediate step called "*catharsis*", which means the expulsion (at last) of the repressed desire and its replacement by a worthy goal. The practice of confession is obviously a type of catharsis.

2. *Readjustment* demands, primarily, the establishment of a worth-while aim. Appeals may be made to the patient's moral standards and religious beliefs, as also, to his patriotism or his family pride. Affection for a friend may be used as a motive toward virile effort. It may be pointed out that although distressing sufferings evoke sympathy from friends, they do so under false pretences, seeing that in truth they are but a refuge taken from duty. The esteem of friends would be forfeited if they knew the actual facts.

Sublimation is a widely used means toward readjustment. It is a transfer of energy from a low to a higher end. Vital force which hitherto had been drained by the instincts, is thereby liberated to "sustain activities which are higher, either in the intellectual or moral sense, than the purely instinctive

activities". It has been stated (we do not know how truly) that, during the War, French soldiers learned to *sublimate* the fears that are natural during an active campaign. Their fears were talked of as things to be expected, from which, accordingly, each man could withdraw nervous energy, turning it in another direction,—to intense performance of every duty that arose. Neuroses were uncommon among the French soldiers. On the other hand, British tradition regarded fear as cowardly, and British soldiers felt compelled to hide their terrors. Those unsublimated fears being deposited in the subconscious mind, did harmful work, causing familiar disorders of the nervous system.

To recapitulate: according to psychoanalysts, nervous disorders are self-caused, and are gratifications, in disguise, of desires that arise from the instincts. These desires are usually *natural*, but their realization is opposed to some higher possibility of the individual, and that higher possibility makes advisable the conquest and expulsion of natural cravings. Domination of the higher over the lower desire is achieved by the man of positive decision. The indecisive man, instead of dominating, thrusts the unsatisfied cravings into his cellar, postponing their gratification. Gratification is obtained later (in a disguised and distorted form) as a nervous disorder. The conscious mind is not aware of course that a neurosis is a repressed instinct in masquerade. The invalid lulls himself in a false peace, thinking he has amply satisfied the higher demand —whatever that was—that was made upon him. A nervous disorder—it must be obvious—is an example of "eating one's cake" and, at the same time, "having" it, inasmuch as the invalid, while possessing (and being possessed by) his neurosis (gratification in disguise), at the same time flatters himself that he has conformed to a high moral standard. A startling and vicious waywardness advocated by Freud and his followers should be carefully noted. Claiming that nervous disorders are caused by *repressed* desires, they fail to distinguish between *repression* and *expulsion*. They accordingly argue, in a most childish and vicious manner: nervous trouble is caused by repression, therefore, to avoid nervous disease, do not repress, but—gratify. Such evil counsel defies the moral experience of the race.

* * * * * * *

But now, having tried to explain the principles and practices of psychoanalysis as favourably as possible, let us attempt to consider the whole subject in the light of Theosophy.

It should be clear at once that the cures which analysts attribute to "catharsis", "sublimation" and so forth, can be explained just as well, in most cases, as having been due to suggestion and auto-suggestion. Anyone who is familiar with the work of Bernheim and his followers at Nancy, or with the more recent authorities on the same subject, will suspect at once that the means employed by the psychoanalyst serve merely to inspire receptivity or credulity or faith (the word depending upon the bias of the critic) in the patient,—positive suggestion, such as, "Now you are rid of it", achieving the actual result. It may be claimed, in the same way, that auto-suggestion could account for the cure of Mr. B—. In his case, the very fact that his experience found its

way into Professor McDougall's well-known manual, leads one to suppose that B— was acquainted with some exponent of psychoanalysis and was more or less familiar with its teachings. Thus, having suffered all his life from a particular dread, and being suddenly confronted with what he accepted as its cause; being imbued, further, with the belief that the recognition of cause would remove the effect,—his faith, if you choose, or, if not, his susceptibility to his own anticipation (auto-suggestion), removed the neurosis and effected a cure.

In any case, the one theory is at least as good as the other; neither takes into account, or explains, however, the many successes of some practitioners and the many failures of others. Both schools would probably understand their subject better if they were less scornful of Mesmer, von Reichenbach, Drs. Esdaile, Elliotson and the later mesmerists. That "animal magnetism", so-called, can be ignored as a factor in some of these cures—that is, in cures effected by a professional—few students of Theosophy would be prepared to believe; for the student of Theosophy does not espouse the cause of any school, remaining open-minded in his attitude toward all of them, while holding fast to his own experience and to the accumulated experience of the race. That experience, fortunately for us, goes back to ages long preceding the fame of Dr. Freud; for there has never been an age when cures of nervous disorders, and of their physical expression also, were not brought about by the "laying on of hands", or by simple word of command, or by "holy (magnetized) water", or by similar means.

It is absurd, however, in our opinion, to say that *all* nervous disorders are "occasioned by intention (subconscious) on the part of the sufferer"; that they are "purposed". Many are, but perhaps an equal number are not. If you had accidentally shot and killed a friend while hunting, you might well have an unusual (i.e., an abnormal) nervous reaction to the sound of a gunshot; if you had seen someone you loved burned to death, you might have an unusual horror of fire. Whether or not you would be able to control and conceal your feelings in either case, would depend upon your strength of character, that is to say, upon your self-command; but the most complete recognition of the *cause* of your abnormal and perhaps very painful reaction, would not in the least affect its intensity. This, we believe, is universal experience. The nerves, once violently shocked by a particular cause, will react similarly to even the mildest recurrence of a corresponding stimulus. They will react reflexly by association of ideas. That such suffering is "purposed", seems to us as far-fetched as to allege that the pain from a severe bruise is purposed.

A student of Theosophy, furthermore, may know from his own experience, or may in any case have good reason to believe, that some of the most deep-seated dreads and most abnormal nervous reactions, are due to shocks or to impressions brought over from past lives,—the psychic body having literally been seared by them. In some cases, it is said, the origin of such impressions is clearly remembered, without in the least diminishing the "association neurosis". In the case of an individual who does not remember the past, but whose trouble originated in a previous incarnation and not in this life, it is obvious

that no amount of "exploration" by an analyst could dig out the *true* cause, though an alleged cause might be pounced upon as explaining the symptoms, and, on the theory of suggestion, might be used with success to effect a cure.

Perhaps, however, the most serious objection to the practice of psychoanalysis is that only a man entirely ignorant of his own limitations and weaknesses, and of the *evil latent* within him, or, worse, a man indifferent to such considerations, would be willing to undertake it. Without going into unpleasant details, "exploration" usually involves delving into the hidden depths of "lower nature" by a man who ought, in any case to know more about evil than his patient, and who, therefore, by the very nature of his questioning, may too easily suggest previously unimagined evil to the person whose past thought, dreams included, he is attempting to probe. Ask a practitioner if he would like his wife, or sister or daughter, to be "treated" in this way by one of his fellows, and it is unlikely he would answer in the affirmative. The risk is too great. Untold harm may be done, when other and less dangerous methods will accomplish the same result. Almost any kind of "faith cure" would be preferable. The difficulty is, of course, to arouse the faith. There are many people who would scorn the idea of a pilgrimage to Lourdes, but who would rush to the consulting-room of a psychoanalyst as an exponent of the latest and most "scientific" mystery.

This does not mean that, in the opinion of the writer, there are no valuable lessons to be learned from psychoanalysis. It seems to him, in the first place, as already intimated, that every student of Theosophy should take to heart the difference between repression and expulsion, realizing, once and for always, that half measures are not only futile but actively and continuously self-destructive. An evil desire, if merely stuffed away or stuffed under, must inevitably propagate its species, the accumulation breaking out somehow, sooner or later, meanwhile acting as a constant nervous irritant. Thoughts of "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness", as well as those more commonly designated as evil, must be ejected forcibly and *with feeling*, if we are to escape their terrible consequences, some of which are traced by psychoanalysis, but the worst of which can be appreciated only by those who know of the psychic and other invisible bodies which Theosophy describes as far more lasting and "causal" than the physical.

In the second place, what has been said about "substitution" and "sublimation" should have a special significance for students of Theosophy, who have always been warned that when an "unclean spirit is gone out of a man", that, and "seven other spirits more wicked than himself", will take possession later, unless right thoughts and right activities are substituted for those that were wrong. The doctrine of polar opposites, unknown to psychoanalysis, but with which every student of Theosophy is familiar, throws light on the whole subject. Completely to reverse the polarity of our interest and self-identification is the only true substitution as it is the only true sublimation, but, short of that—and we are told it can be done in a moment of time—there are many intermediate stages tending in the right direction.

In the third place, the doctrines of psychoanalysis, or, rather, the popularization by psychoanalysts of doctrines promulgated ages ago, and always familiar to the open-minded, may help us to guard against those self-inflicted ailments which are rendered none the less real by being pronounced hysterical in origin. A man who is sick to death of his office or of his home, will "subconsciously" develop an ailment for which his physician can only prescribe a thorough change and rest; a woman whose hatred of household duties is greater than her consideration for her husband, will become a chronic invalid with every sort of symptom making household drudgery dangerous and impossible: the symptoms are there and are very real, and it is not always easy to trace them to their true cause, which may be, and often is, entirely psychological. But analysis by a practitioner will not cure the victim unless honesty and self-respect are more highly developed than self-consideration: and this is not often encountered. One can, however, by the practice of daily self-examination, cultivate a perception of one's motives which will make self-deception less frequent and less easy.

Far simpler and more practical than psychoanalysis, and entirely free from danger, is what has been called "the conscience cure". Every experienced physician knows that many illnesses are caused by conflicts between the higher and the lower nature, between conscience and self-gratification. So long as a glimmer of conscience remains, it is impossible for a man to violate his own standards consistently, without upsetting the balance which makes all the difference between health and disease: that, in any case, is the conviction of the present writer and of many others. It is in any case the fact that serious illnesses have been cured by the question, *when answered frankly*, "What is on your conscience?" These cases do not require analysis or probing; the patient is well aware of what his conscience has been telling him, perhaps for months or years, and although he has not connected his illness with his wrong-doing, once he confesses and resolves, aided by his physician, to turn from evil ways to good, he becomes a new creature, not only morally but physically.

Finally, while psychoanalysts have much to say about the subconscious mind —echoing, in this, the "discoveries" of their mid-Victorian predecessors— students of Theosophy will realize that, to offset the *sub* there is a supra-conscious mind, working from *above* the level of ordinary awareness, as certain French psychologists have been trying to demonstrate during the past four or five years. It is strange that such a commonplace of human experience should need scientific demonstration, but there are those who will not believe anything until it is certified by some Academy. In any case, Theosophists *know* that "every good gift and every perfect gift [including every good and inspiring thought] is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." Knowing that, and knowing too that "in His will is our peace", they should not find it difficult to avoid either the pitfalls of psychoanalysis, or the very real dangers to which it points.

L. S. W.

THE MAXIMS OF RENÉ QUINTON

RENÉ Quinton was a French biologist and soldier. When mobilization orders were issued on the 5th of August, 1914, he was a reserve captain of artillery and forty-eight years old. At his own request he was recalled to active service, and during the World War was at the front for the greater part of three and a half years. He was wounded eight times, mentioned in despatches or decorated sixteen times, and was a Lieutenant-Colonel when demobilized on the 3rd of July, 1919. He "received the highest Belgian, British and American decorations and the French Croix de Guerre, and was appointed successively Officer and Commander of the Legion of Honour." He was known as a "fighting soldier", and many, if not most, of his maxims probably were composed in the heat of battle.

After demobilization Quinton went back to the pursuit of his scientific and philosophical work, and it was not until shortly before his sudden death in July, 1925, that he began to arrange and classify his maxims for publication. He died while the task was as yet incomplete. The maxims were not published until the Spring of 1930 under the title of *Maximes sur la Guerre*. But the title is somewhat misleading because, though undoubtedly the experiences of the World War gave Quinton certain valuable data for the formulation of his maxims, the influence of biology is by no means lacking in them, so that his thesis as a whole applies to life rather than being primarily concerned with the conduct of war; unless one sees life in terms of warfare as it would seem Quinton did. His first maxim would indicate that he did; and that, at the same time, he hurled a challenge at those who long for ease, comfort and self-pleasure, for he says: "It is the intention of Nature that man should die in his prime."

There at once speaks the biologist and the soldier, and an indication is given of the thesis that Quinton's maxims unfold. As the biologist he must have had in mind the growing plant pressing ever toward the fulfilment of its kind, and, that fulfilment achieved, dying at the height of its beauty or productivity and leaving behind the seed, or the impulse, from which may spring another fulfilment. As a soldier who saw action at Verdun, among other places, he must have had in mind those thousands whom he saw fall as they reached such heights of courage as even they themselves would have considered impossible only a few short years before; leaving behind them examples, or impulses, for the thousands who came after them to follow, so that they too could die, not as listless, surfeited creatures grown weary of life, but as vibrant life itself. The sculptor who fashioned the figure of Death which to-day rises from the bare summit of *Mort-Homme*, caught this same vibrancy. As you stand on that summit and contemplate it, it is as though the *living*-dead speak to you through its inscription, "*Ils n'ont pas passé.*"

What a neat thrust there is in this first of Quinton's maxims against that type of self-satisfied man who lays up for himself treasure on earth so as to spend his later years on the golf course or at the bridge-whist table! According to the thesis of this biologist-soldier, he who does thus, works directly against the "intention of Nature". Mr. Douglas Jerrold, whose translations of Quinton's maxims I am using, says of them: "To read Quinton's French after my English is to exchange the bludgeon for the rapier, and to submit oneself at the same time to the discipline of an infallible precision of aim." One cannot but be reminded of the many great characters of profane history, not to mention others, who have died with their "harness on", and in their prime; for man's prime cannot be measured in terms of years, but in terms of service. Who, for example, inquires into the exact age of a Lancelot or a Roland? It is service that Quinton stresses, service to mankind, to humanity, to the race.

> "Nature exacts a price for the right to endure. Men and races must buy it with their blood. The warrior is thus the salvation of the race."

> "Pacifism is an outrage on the dignity of man. It would deny him his only majestic quality, the knowledge how to die."

There is another aspect of Quinton's first aphorism which may be referred to as the blood sacrifice mentioned in religious books, that is, the sacrifice of man's lower self in favour of his Higher Self, the losing of his life, *this* life, that he may gain life everlasting,—though it does not necessarily require man to pass through the portals we call death. If the biologist-soldier had something of this sort in mind as an aspect of his first maxim, then it appears even more neatly phrased; for surely while in the process of making the blood sacrifice, man could be considered as progressing from prime to prime, spiritually speaking at least, for in that sense his prime would have to be considered relatively. To state it in another way, spiritually speaking, man may be thought of as entering an ever new prime as he continues to purify Kama, or personal desire, transmuting it into Buddhi, or Divine Will; losing his life to find it, or in Quinton's phraseology, dying in his prime.

That Quinton was aware of the two natures in man and of the conflict which ceaselessly takes place between them, within man, is shown in the following two maxims, which seem to strike the keynote of his thesis:

> "The moral drama arises from the conflict between the desire to live and the desire to serve."

> "Every man possesses two souls; the soul of his body and the soul of his race. The spirit of the body has no aim but its own welfare, but on the spirit of the race is laid the irrevocable order to serve. And he who refuses knows that he is a traitor. The body demands comfort, repose and pleasure, but the race demands hardship, sacrifice and endurance."

Here resounds the battle-cry that has rung down through the ages; the call to man to liberate the soul from the fetters of self; the call to the warrior soul

within man to take up its appointed task and work for the eventual salvation of mankind. In different ways, at different times, under different skies, since time immemorial it has been sounded; ever old and yet ever new.

For what do the Masters of the Lodge work, if not for the eventual salvation of the race? Of whom is the Divine Hierarchy composed, if not of those who, æons ago, having heard "the irrevocable order to serve", have given themselves and their lives for the benefit and the betterment of the race? Is not the chêla one who, in striving to do his Master's will, has put behind him the demands of the body, "comfort, repose and pleasure", and embraced the demands of the race, "hardship, sacrifice and endurance"?

Practically every man has had some experience which has touched the soul within him and caused him to respond, if only for a moment, to that which is high, noble, courageous; to something much bigger, better, grander than himself and the paltry interests of self. From that brief experience, however, he can catch the truth in what Quinton says regarding the soul of the race. Some day each man will be brought to the point where he must choose definitely between one path or the other; between serving the lower self or serving the Higher Self; between serving "the soul of his body" or serving "the soul of his race." In that day will be laid upon him "the irrevocable order to serve, and he who refuses" will know "that he is a traitor". Yea, he knows already from his brief experience when he felt the stir of the soul within him, that when the day of his choice comes he will be a traitor if he prefer the left-hand path rather than the right-hand. Thus through many such experiences in many incarnations is man helped and prepared against his day of final choice, against the day when he must decide to use his divine gifts of mind and free will either unselfishly on behalf of the salvation of the race, or for his own selfish purposes. The latter leads to annihilation. The former leads to liberation; liberation from the bondage of self, liberation from "the conflict between the desire to live and the desire to serve"; the only liberation possible.

Quinton has an interesting and original way of developing his thesis; in part by means of warnings, in part by emphasizing certain qualities he considers necessary for those who would truly serve the race. But as there are more than three hundred of his maxims, grouped under six different headings, it is not feasible to quote more than a few of them in an article of this character and length. Those already quoted are culled from the group listed under the first of these headings, and, as already said, sound the keynote of his thesis: which is service.

The second division, headed "Brave Men and Heroes", carries a warning for any who might have a tendency to think of themselves as heroes because they have enlisted to help in the salvation of mankind. Without disparaging the brave man, Quinton enhances the hero. He does so ingeniously, appealingly and simply, and at the same time weaves no illusions around the hero. In fact he strips the hero of the glamour the novelist would throw about him. In doing so he will undoubtedly give to many readers a shock, but the sort of shock humanity needs, the sort that jars people out of false imaginings—in

this case out of imagining themselves as heroes—for Quinton likens heroism to motherhood.

Few persons of maturity harbour any illusions about motherhood. They know it involves patience and fatigue; self-sacrifice and self-giving; myriads of services performed at all hours of the day and night. They know the mother is always on call, and that she usually *anticipates* the call.

> "The brave man deserves credit; the hero does not. He obeys his instinct like a mother and is no more deserving of merit than she."
>
> "There is as much difference between heroism and bravery as between a mother's love and a guardian's."
>
> "Neither hunger nor fatigue can affect the hero. Other men take turns at the post of duty, but the hero like the mother is always on guard."
>
> "The hero is a mystic and perhaps it takes a hero to understand him."
>
> "Nature created the hero not to live but to serve."

Having disposed of the hero in such fashion as to cause him to be esteemed for what he is—one man out of many millions of men—in the next section, "Ardours and Endurances of War", Quinton outlines some of the qualities he considers must be developed by those who would truly serve the race. At the same time these aphorisms act as warnings of much that such service entails. Incidentally, they touch on one of the characteristics which distinguish the occultist. At about the age the average man is ready to "rest on his oars" with the idea of enjoying the fruits of his little efforts, the occultist, seeing life in terms of warfare, and appreciating the danger of becoming slack, tightens his belt and plunges more resolutely into the contest. The occultist ever presses forward, realizing there remain many fields to be conquered, and that, as Quinton puts it, "War is the ardour of the soul."

Evidently the biologist-soldier would emphasize the quality of ardour as necessary for those who would heed the call of "the soul of the race"; for it would seem that one who wrote "the hero is a mystic", must have been somewhat of a mystic himself.

A few of the other maxims pertaining to ardour and endurance will suffice to give the gist of what Quinton brings out under this head:

> "Hunger, sleeplessness and stress raise the spirits of the soldier to the highest degree of exaltation. Only the emancipated soul can inhabit the mortified body, and the soul is purified as the body is abased. The most inspired fighters are those on the edge of endurance."
>
> "It is not the fighting soldier who needs rest."
>
> "Whatever satisfies the flesh is negligible."
>
> "From the caravan lost in the sands of the desert, from the ship wrecked by the storm on the sea, may be heard the sound of prayers, never of blasphemies."
>
> "It is the security of life that has killed the gods."

Under the heading, "Courage, Prudence and Danger", Quinton stresses the importance of courage, and the right and the wrong way of going about its acquisition, when he says: "It is necessary to restore the prestige of courage."

As a soldier who saw almost continuous action for three and a half years during the World War, he had ample opportunity to study the right and the wrong means of acquiring and using courage. He must have seen how the noble quality of courage can be debased when men drag it down to their own low level in order to augment the greedy purposes of self. In contrast, he must have been impressed with the difference when men rise, as it were, to the plane of courage and merge themselves with the Ideal. Undoubtedly significance may be given to the use of the word *prestige* in this aphorism.

Applying this to the individual, it is the merging of himself with the Ideal of courage that sends man forth single-handed to combat the dragon of self in his lair, and to return victor without talking about it. Through the quiet assurance of his actions, however, he expresses the Ideal, and thus helps others to set out to embody it; to "restore the prestige of courage" in the world. It seems apparent that Quinton lays down, and rightly so, such an embodiment of courage as necessary for those who would aid in the salvation of the race.

He further expounds the three qualities of this section in part as follows:

> "Prudence is a fruit which ripens during wars. At the beginning of a campaign we must first prove our courage, and then, when we have lost everything by it, prudence supervenes and we learn to be generous without being wasteful."
>
> "If you are sure of your courage then prudence is a virtue."
>
> "In the danger which the enemy disseminates there is an insult and a challenge. For it is by fear that he proposes to bend your will. The question we have to ask is a plain one: shall we obey our duty or our fears, our honour or the enemy?"

In the next to last grouping of his maxims, Quinton issues what is perhaps his most important instruction and warning to those who would truly serve the race. Speaking of the leader under the head of "Leadership and Discipline", there is this all-important-aphorism: "The leader's first duty is to understand the mind of the enemy."

As in the case of the hero, Quinton makes plain what is entailed in being a leader when he outlines so tersely and boldly the leader's *first duty*. How this puts to shame any who would enter the cause of the salvation of the race for selfish purposes; any who would thus try to acquire power in order to usurp the leadership. As though this maxim were not sufficient warning, it is reinforced with: "The general who can see, opens the eyes of his subordinates."

If these two maxims are put clearly before those who would serve, how very few will qualify as leaders! At the same time, these aphorisms impress upon those who would serve, the respect, the fidelity and the obedience they owe to the real leader. The biologist-soldier must have had in mind the many, many times when the desire and the plotting to assume the place of the leader have

crippled or caused the collapse of what otherwise might have been worthy and successful projects for the benefit of mankind.

In the early days of The Theosophical Society, how many who attempted to usurp the post of the leader could have fulfilled the requirements laid down in these two maxims? There may come a time again when the continued success of the present outer expression of the Lodge Movement will depend on at least a few who will genuinely take to heart and put into practice all that these two aphorisms imply, and especially in the light of the following on discipline: "There is no discipline in the firing line; there is mutual consent. Discipline begins behind the lines."

Quinton closes with a few "Reflections on The Imitation of Christ", the first of which will suffice to show the way in which these reflections carry on and round out the biologist-soldier's thesis.

> "It is our duty to judge ourselves more severely than men judge us. Whatever men say to you, whatever they do to you, always remain serene and unangered. Seen in the quiet mind, those words which fly so wildly will only bear their just weight. Evil hours should be passed in the silence of Gethsemane. Turn your eyes upon Me and do not fret yourself about the judgments of the world, for your peace of mind is not at the mercy of the tongues of men. Whatever they may think of you, you can be nothing but what you are, and where can abide peace, truth and glory if not in Me?"

René Quinton's aphorisms cannot of course be compared with those of the Great Upanishads, of *Light on the Path*, or of other similar works. Nevertheless, Quinton has caught a great deal of the essence of the ancient doctrine, and apparently has done so out of his own experience. For that reason his maxims, as far as they go, ring true, have "an infallible precision of aim", as Mr. Jerrold says, and are compelling. There is about them a categorical imperative. Coming as they do, during this transition period in man's evolution, during this age of inquiry, they should be a direct help to many, and in that way beneficial to the race. They should help those who read them to see a new and higher objective in life; and as the call of that objective is heeded, to grow to understand better the meaning of dying to the personal life so as to live more fully a life of service for the race,—and for the Elder Brothers of the race.

G. M. W. K.

TREES

Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be one.—PLATO.

NO one walks in these woods, which, I need scarcely say, is a blessing; but in a more happily primitive era, or among men more sensitive, surely this spot would be known by a name.

Great rocks lie piled about where some ancient stream or glacier has left them. An old hickory tree has grown up in the very centre of them, pushing them apart in its effort to reach the day. Now, it towers in a wide green canopy above the lesser trees, the dogwoods, hazels and beeches. The rocks are spotted with mosses and draped with creepers, and in Spring the scarlet columbines grow here. The ground about the rocks and down the glade is covered with tiny green plants, maianthemum, violets, cinquefoil, like a carpet for the delicate little hoofs of the red deer. One can scarcely see the sky through the green canopy,—green above, green under foot, like living in an enormous emerald. And why are plants green?

Yes, in other lands and times, supernatural beings would have loved this spot, the smaller Nature divinities, the Wood Genius. Some ancient, dignified old spirit would have had a retreat in this tree.

I have long planned to write an article on Tree Worship; one of those learned articles with footnotes and items about African tribes; but my spirits fail me. I feel about it much as the reader would feel. I would rather sit upon this enormous jutting root and think about trees without footnotes.

Men have always venerated trees. In the ancient Eddas, the world itself is the great ash Yggdrassil. "That ash is the greatest and best of trees". The book says: "Its branches spread over the whole world and even reach above heaven. It has three roots, very wide asunder. One of them goes down to Ginnungagap. The frost giants live over it, and over this root is a deep well. Another root extends to Niflheim, the old roaring cauldron lies under it, a great snake called Nidhögg gnaws it night and day. 'Yggdrassil's ash suffers greater hardship than men know of. Nidhögg tears it.' Under this root also lies Helheim, a home of the dead. The third root is in heaven: gods and men live under it, in Asgard and Midgard; the giant fate-sisters also live under it at the top of the Rainbow's arch in their palace very beauteous, which stands by the Holy Urda Fount. They water the tree every day with the holy water, so that ever 'it stands green over Urda's Fount' ".

In the *Bhagavad Gîta* it is said:

"Rooted above, downward branching, they say, is that immemorial tree, whose leaves are the hymns; who knows it, knows the Vedas.

"Down and upward stretch its branches, grown strong through the powers,

and with things of sense for twigs; downward stretch its roots which bind to works in the world of men.

"The form of it cannot be so perceived in this world, nor its end, nor beginning, nor its foundation; with the firm sword of detachment cutting this tree, whose roots grow firm,

"Let him then follow the path to that resting-place, whither going, they come forth no more, saying: 'I enter into the primal Spirit, whence hath flowed forth the ancient stream of things.' "

There are also the trees of Paradise, trees whereon grow prodigious fruits, emeralds or rubies, or peaches of Immortality, trees in whose branches sings the Quetzal or the Phœnix. And in this world—think of all the sacred groves of tradition; the groves of the Druids, the murmuring oaks of Dodona, the palm oasis where Mohammed preached and which the Mosque of Cordoba so exquisitely translates into architecture. There are the sacred groves of the Syrians and Jews, their boughs hung with garlands; there are our own Christmas trees, hung also with festoons and lights. There are the cedars of Lebanon, and some say that this is a name for the great adepts of these regions. One can well believe it when one has seen the giant Sequoias of California. One gazes upon them in awe, and a hush falls upon one's spirit, such is their age-old majesty, grandeur and beauty. They are certainly the adepts of the plant world. I have read somewhere in the writings of Madame Blavatsky that the form of the pine is the paradigm of all trees.

In Tahiti, the Milo is planted about the temples and is called the shadow of the god of prayer and chanting. In Japan, the symbols of the pine, the cherry, the bamboo, the kiri are on magnificent brocade and embroidery, on screen and kakemono. In China, the white-robed Kwan-yin, Mother of Souls and Patroness of Waters, bears in her hand a sprig of willow. The ideal of the Chinese gentleman was to be as pure as a plum blossom, as free as a bird, as strong as a pine, yet pliant as a willow. In Egypt, Isis was the Lady of the Sycamore. In Yucatan, the god Imix was worshipped in a giant Ceiba. The famous "cross" of Palenque is a tree.

Then there are the historic trees, the oak of St. Louis, the Fairies' Tree of Jeanne d'Arc, and all the trees under which Queen Elizabeth and Louis Quatorze and George Washington have stood. There are the trees one has known and loved, grey and silver olives in the Tuscan podere, and the dark, swaying cypresses of San Domenico, the peach tree lovely beyond compare, a cloud of rose in Spring in a Paris garden. And this great hickory, which, rending the rocks, reminds one of the jungle trees that grow from the heads of Shiva at Angkor, or split the stones of Uxmal or Copan.

How lovely, how beneficent is the atmosphere of trees. How consoling to the wearied mind, how cooling to the fevered heart. Peace drips from their boughs as it were balm of Gilead.

I think one reason for this immensely restful and consoling influence of plants is that they obey the laws of their nature with all their being. There is in them no conflict with their destiny. To be sure, they have a tremendous

struggle with circumstances, with the elements, but this struggle is always to express their destiny, their nature, the Divine plan and pattern. Such a struggle develops the creature into its own character. If we constantly struggled with adverse circumstances to become Man, should we not, indeed, become Men and, eventually, Gods? The development of the plants has been proposed to us as a model for our effort. "Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air."

Here we screw up our faces and try to imagine what a plant thinks about. The plant, we should imagine, is conscious of being; it is also conscious of being in time and space as a separate entity. It must be aware of myriads of influences, the airs, the rains, the light, the temperature, of other bodies and wills, the rock that obstructs it, the earth, the remote water towards which it sends its tap-roots. And all who have had to do with plants know their sensitiveness to affection and care. This environment is the field of experience for the development of their form of self-consciousness. They are constantly *forced* to acquire self-consciousness along these lines, simple compared with our own, of course, because we have already passed through it.

Whence comes the impulse to struggle thus to embody some definite pattern, to express fully some form already complete in its conception? Here, we must make a distinction between the consciousness of the plant and the consciousness of the species, of the plant hierarchy and of the Originator of plant forms. That there could be form without consciousness must be absurd and inconceivable to a student of occultism, or, indeed, to any logical observer of Nature. The scientists who talk of accident or haphazard development, or of fortuitous groupings of atoms, must be blind in one eye, the third eye.

What is it which provides the mould for shape, which defines and limits it and holds it in cohesion? Surely a balance of forces that is directed by a will and a concept.

We are told, and logic impels us to believe it, that the principle of form lies in the Causal world. The Causal world, surely, is that plane from whence idea and force impress themselves on matter, the apparent unfolding, of course, being an illusion of time. We are told that everything has an astral form, more tenuous in our terms of matter than the body, but its mould. Beyond that are ever subtiler forms, until, in the Causal world, is found the true and complete form and conception into which the creature must grow until he exists there self-consciously, in complete awareness. In other words, he grows into existence in a form created for him.

Now, can we believe that pattern can exist without a creator? And are we not told that there are hierarchies of beings whose function is precisely to create and furnish these patterns on their several planes? We have read about the Lunar Pitris who gave man an astral form, and about the Mânasaputras and the Agnishwâtta Pitris and the Kumâras. Is it not in these and other hierarchies that we must look for the Creators of Form in what we call Nature?

Surely, when we look at plants we observe all the signs of conscious taste in design. Allowing ourselves to speculate, may we not fancy a hierarchy of plant

artists, with many "schools" and styles and individuals, just as in painting there are Chinese, Persian and Italian arts, with their epochs, Tang, Sung, Ming, Timurid, Sassanid, Quattrocento, Cinquecento, etc., with their painters. There are "artists" who enjoy designing palms, and artists who are fascinated by star forms. There is an artist who designs the delicate arabesques of the vines, whose fancy runs to tendrils and volutes, and an artist who likes the bold and solid, the oak or the hollyhock; there is the fanciful being who thinks up pansies.

Well, it must be very jolly—thinking up pansies and having one's thought so potent that it is like a sound, a sound which calls the nature spirits to run together to make a form, like filings drawn to shape by the note of a violin.

The man, fed on modern science, who thinks that evolution began with some green scum and ends with Professor Einstein or Karl Marx, will smile a superior smile or snort a superior snort. Having declared this planet to be the only one among the countless millions in the stellar universe where men have arisen from scum, the grand Result of this accident can afford to pity a "sport" who still believes with early, simple peoples that there are thirty-three million crores of Gods. Frankly, we dislike the provincial. We like to think of myriads of planets inhabited, we hope, by superior beings, and of a space packed full of divinities, Devas, Apsarases, Gandharvas, Angels, Djins *et al.* We love to think of little elementals dressed up like Brownies painting frost ferns on winter windows, or colouring the leaves red in Autumn, and we feel sure that such a fancy is not so far from a truth. There are elementals even if they do not dress like Brownies. Modern Astronomy is larger on the plane of extension than that of the Middle Ages, but it is flat where theirs went from devil to God. When people talk excitedly about the discovery of the fourth dimension, they are only beginning to recover a world which is familiar to savages and the heathen Chinee and even to the Schoolmen.

". . . Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

Sitting here in the green wood, where the only sounds are the wind in the tree tops and the occasional rustle of a bird among the leaves, it seems futile to waste one's time waxing angry with the un-imaginative. Far, far better to commune with the plants!

If one find it difficult to think of the conscious creation of plants, one can begin by meditating on a creation by man. Take for example one of the loveliest of Persian drawings. It represents a scene in the Mohammedan Paradise. An important gentleman is being entertained in a little pavilion built up in the branches of a large sycamore tree—that sycamore so beloved of all Persian painters. He sits at ease on embroidered cushions, and delightful angels in modish frocks, with long, ornamented wings, rush up a ladder to bring him sor-

bets or dishes of pomegranates. An angel, comfortably perched on a branch, is playing the lute. Down below, two other angels are making music on the flute and cymbals. Another is dancing. An effrit, with a shaggy beard and one little curly horn on his head, is on guard, leaning meditatively on his staff. Just one's idea of a pleasant afternoon picnic in Devachan. The drawing, which was left uncoloured, whether by design or for lack of time we shall never know, is of an exquisite delicacy and finish.

Now, what happened when it was made? The artist, perhaps, was asked to illustrate some passage in a poem. He gathered up his forces and meditated upon the passage. There began to form in his imagination, under the pressure of the force of his thought, a picture of Paradise. He figured to himself the delightful denizens of such a sphere, the beautiful, ever young maidens and youths, their ethereal forms, their bright wings, their gaiety. He saw them in a garden lovely as those of Persian palaces, with a great sycamore tree, with flowers, iris and mallows in the grass along the little stream of water. A few sycamore leaves are falling; and what is more lovely than the slow fall of a leaf? Gradually this picture took a definite pattern; it crystallized: its astral form became complete, and as he began to put it on paper, it precipitated itself in gross matter, so to speak. Were not the real forms of his drawing, in the Causal, the Mental and the Astral worlds? Is not all art the bringing forth into this material world of the super-sensible Reality?

Suppose we pick a leaf from this Sweet Gum tree which is trying to grow up among all these overhanging branches in the wood. It is a most delicately designed leaf, quite like a star, with its five sharp points so well defined, so decided. Can we not follow its form back through the same genesis as the work of the painter? Of course, the painter uses his own hand to execute his works, and the gods use the nature spirits. As we follow this evolution we realize that the true form of the leaf exists in the spiritual world and is immortal. It is in the Eternal world that joy and immortality exist, not in our present world of transitory and imperfectly realized forms. If we look only at the outer world with its failures and tragedies, we must say with Leopardi: "For always nature despises thee, the hideous power, which, hidden, rules to the common ill, and the infinite vanity of all."

This world is but the house of initiation into life.

As the leaf embodies more fully the eternal idea, it is beautiful. We are like it, and when we become self-conscious and active in our celestial form, we are immortals and exist in the real world. The plants are pure and simple beings, uncorrupted by self-will, who constantly strive to realize this plan. We are highly complicated beings who fancy we can do as we please and succeed. That is why we can learn valuable lessons from the contemplation of our little—and better—brothers, the plants, and, as I have already said, why they carry with them the refreshing and consoling influence of the harmony of a resigned will. It is why they are beautiful; for the gods are the absolute Masters of the Arts.

SAUVAGE.

WAR MEMORIES

XVII

The Armistice

I WORKED on in Lorraine a little longer, while conflicting rumours from many quarters continued to sweep over us. Whenever we met anyone likely to be able to give us an answer, we asked apprehensively: "*Do* you think there is any danger of an armistice?" But no one could tell us with any degree of assurance. Already the German "Note" to President Wilson had been sent —the "Note" proposing that peace negotiations should be begun on the basis of those untimely "fourteen points" of his, which opened the way to discussion (exactly what the Germans wanted!). We began to feel very anxious and distrustful of the least mention of "negotiations", lest, as a result, the crushing of Germany should fail to be final and complete.

I was expecting soon to return to Paris, to take part in a new venture which my organization had in mind, and I was making the most of the days that were left me; days which now seem full of last-minute impressions, such, for instance, as the glimpse which I had of Pétain, at the house of friends, and the exchange of a few words with him; of the feeling which he gave you of a granite-like imperturbability, solid, immovable. Modest and unassuming, his penetrating grey eyes seemed, nevertheless, to look straight through you, not at you—impersonally. A rather cold, silent man, perhaps slightly grim, but a man you would remember—the man who had stood at the gateway of Verdun.

Another equally brief but wholly unforgettable memory is of a hurried pilgrimage to Domrémy—I was determined that I would not leave Lorraine without going there. It was the most perfect of autumn days, warm, still, brooding —St. Martin's summer at its best—and the lovely countryside was a flaming russet and gold. How well I remember the gentle slopes of the hills (the hills over which the sheep had wandered), and how they glowed in the late afternoon sun; how even the pools by the roadside were turned to burnished mirrors; how that marvellous, golden light flooded the small village itself, creeping into the dim quiet of the tiny church, so loved by the child, Jeanne. You fancied that in that serene light you could still see the flowers which her little hands had brought so lovingly, as offering. Everywhere, and over everything that day, shone the soft radiance, till you felt, in a strange way, that you were moving actually within the gleaming nimbus of a saint. That was the only time I have ever been in Domrémy, but I still remember, above anything else I saw there, the almost unearthly golden shining of that light. I have been told, and I believe it is true, that nowhere, in any part of France, no matter how devastated the region, no matter how war-torn and disfigured, was any statue of The Maid destroyed or even injured. They were not even touched; a heav-

enly protection seemed to have been placed around them, which kept them all inviolate. At the First Battle of the Marne, it was her name, used like a blessed talisman, which was chosen as countersign, and to this day there has persisted the belief past all gainsaying, especially among the common soldiers whom she so passionately loved, that, particularly in the darkest moments of that fearful struggle, when the fate of France seemed hanging by a thread, she appeared to them in full battle-array, clad in her shining armour, with glistening sword held high above her head, leading them on. Some people, alas, have now forgotten this fact, or else they say that it was mere fancy; but many and many a soldier swore to the truth of it, and would tell you in awestruck, lowered voice, but with that downright, blunt conviction to which there is never an answer, that once more it was *she* who had saved France.

The end of October found me again in Paris. One by one the Central Powers were showing signs of immediate collapse; some already had collapsed, and we knew it needed but a very short time to accomplish that for which we had been fighting for four whole years; yet all the while, we knew that those fatal "negotiations" were being carried on—*that* was what most of us were afraid of. We did not want a "negotiated peace"; we wanted absolute victory—outright and unconditioned victory over the horror which had threatened to engulf the world. We felt that nothing else ever would or ever could satisfy us. We had no high-sounding illusions about this or that: no one whom *I* ever met—no one, either man or woman, who had "joined up" in 1914—had been or was now fighting "to make the world safe for democracy". Perhaps that was the ideal of a few of the conspicuously newly-arrived Americans—I do not know. But whichever way you looked at it, these Americans were young; very young and very unsophisticated. No, those who, through four bitter years, had been witness to the manner in which "civilized warfare" was conducted by the Central Powers; who knew from first-hand experience the monstrous things which Germany was trying to force upon the world, had been and were still fighting to kill these things, once and for all. That was our object; democracy did not bother us; we were not interested in an academic subject so far removed from the burning, vital, *real* issues.

It seemed to me that Paris had changed perceptibly during my absence, yet people who had been there uninterruptedly said that the change had been so gradual (only a little, week by week) that they had hardly noticed it until, suddenly, at the end of October, they wakened to the fact of its transformation. To me, who had left just after the Battle of Paris, when the tide had definitely turned, and when the first sense of relief was everywhere felt and openly expressed, it appeared almost preternaturally calm. Returning as I was after three months' absence in the provinces, and to conditions so different, I felt I had come to a city of an incongruous and perplexing silence; but I soon found that it was the silence of intense expectancy. As a matter of fact, outwardly Paris was like an armed camp; from the Place du Carrousel to the Arc de Triomphe it was literally bristling with captured enemy guns, tanks, aeroplanes —every sort of machine of war which you could imagine.

It goes without saying that one of the first things I did was to make a "tour of inspection", and the morning after I arrived I was out long before the later, customary crowds appeared. The river, moving rapidly and silently as it always does, danced in the early morning sunshine; the *quais*, as I wandered leisurely along them, seemed to promise that the dear, old, busy, care-free life would blossom there again—and then I came to the Louvre, and to the Place du Carrousel. No better evidence of what had been going on at every front all over France, since the Second Battle of the Marne, than what lay stretched before me—stretched away as far as the eyes could see, and farther! You could not enter the Jardin des Tuileries, but you could see the vast array of enemy guns through the railings, and wandering up the Rue de Rivoli, I had plenty of opportunity to inspect them as I passed along. At the gateway leading into the Place de la Concorde, two huge German gothas were at rest, their evil black crosses well exposed to the curiosity of the crowds; and a German tank, just outside the gates, pointed ferociously toward the Champs-Élysées, as though about to charge straight up the hill, though knowing that it was now impotent and could not move. All along the embankment, enemy aircraft of varying orders and degrees, were ranged, and in the river floated a German submarine—you could go on board if you liked. The great spaces of the Place de la Concorde itself, and all the way up the Champs-Élysées, were really a sight worth seeing, the monster guns crowded into every available, open space or unoccupied corner—field guns, siege guns, naval guns; solid and rotund trench mortars; immense and elongated "models" with names and calibres which the uninitiated promptly forgot; howitzers of every conceivable size and make—in fact, every imaginable kind of "ordnance", and in between the most ponderous and immense, were the deadly little machine guns, like poison gnats in the midst of a giant hornet's nest. The famous equestrian groups from Marly-le-Roi, at the entrance to the Champs-Élysées, were, of course, still safely enclosed in their rather charming, high-perched, chalet-like, protective "boxes" (how like the French to make even a temporary-precautionary scaffolding attractive!), and just underneath them was an assemblage of grossly camouflaged German cannon, specially selected, so it seemed to me, because of their heavy, Teutonic ugliness (the German camouflage was always viciously coarse), and if you shut your eyes for a moment, and recalled to mind the splendid, soaring vigour of those now-hidden Marly groups, and then looked below at that forbidding unloveliness which seemed so expressive of all things German—well, to say the least, it gave you food for thought. But (because naturally, I knew it was no genuine test to try to draw a parallel between German guns and French statuary!) I found myself comparing, in memory, some of the Paris monuments to great Frenchmen, with that grotesque absurdity of which the Germans are so intensely proud—the Sieges-Allée of the Thiergarten in Berlin, and it was a revealing parallel indeed, needing no comment. Of everything you saw in the Place de la Concorde, however, it was, I think, the imposing circle of grey, fortress-crowned statues—the beloved fortified towns of France—which drew and held your attention most. Lille, so long in German hands, had recently been retaken, and

the statue of the unhappy town, a centre of horrors the shame of which the Germans will never be able to wipe out, was literally covered with flags and magnificent wreaths—the sweet, pungent scent of chrysanthemum leaves and late autumn flowers blew about you as you stood there, like the blending of sad memories and of dawning hopes. Only the proud, castellated head was visible, rising above the profusion of offerings—Allied colours and masses of flowers. Below, inside the great pedestal, a bureau for the sale of Government bonds had just been opened, and I joined the troop of people standing in line, each of us with his or her few francs offered in wordless thanksgiving. Yet, nearby, rose the statue of Strasbourg, also thickly covered with Allied flags and with equally superb wreaths, but I saw that the bands of black were still there; even the flowers could not hide them, nor did we wish them hidden until France had received her own once more.

As the morning wore on, the crowds grew thicker, curious crowds which gathered round the German guns. Children and young boys climbed over them; wounded soldiers, hobbling on canes or crutches, examined them with evident interest; old men stood by, asking the *mutilés* to explain the mechanism—it was only some of the women who passed them with a suppressed shudder. And all the while, the ground shook as guns, more guns and still more guns, were brought up, drawn by the great snorting traction-engines. It was quite amusing to see those huge, lumbering cannon following so tamely; they made me think of savage beasts, forced to dance to the piping of their masters. And still they came, growling, reluctant; you wondered where the authorities were going to find room for them all. But you wondered too how it was that, after all the unprovoked and unatonable enormities of which Germany had been guilty, with all these captured guns to prove so palpably Germany's broken power—you wondered how it was possible that an armistice could be thought of, could actually be under discussion at that minute. What was there to discuss, except at the point of the bayonet? Many of us were asking these questions, of ourselves and of each other.

There could be no doubt, however (especially now that Ludendorff was discounted), that the armistice was drawing nearer, and every hour brought its bit of news; every hour grew more tense with expectation. The days which, for four long years, had seemed to move with leaden feet, now moved with a fantastic speed, though not as fast as did events—events which were sweeping us on to the dreaded armistice. All Saint's Day came, *le Jour des Morts—our* dead. A woman who had lost her husband and four of her sons, said to me that day, in a low, tense voice: "And is it possible that we shall offer our million dead an armistice in exchange for their lives—their lives which they gave so ungrudgingly?" It seemed to her, to me, to most of us, humiliating, dishonourable. Could it be that already we were beginning to forget them; to allow the greatness of their gift to be overshadowed in the hour of an incomplete success? Later in the day, I read these words which were prophetic; which at the time I copied and have never forgotten; words which in these crude, self-centred and ungrateful times, have often come back to me: "*Les morts ont une*

mémoire moins courte que la nôtre. Ils sont les seuls qui n'oublient pas ceux qui trop souvent les oublient."

Then came those days, early in November, when events followed each other in such rapid succession that we almost lost our breath, and seemed to be carried involuntarily along with them: the mutiny of the German fleet at Kiel; the signing of the armistice with Austria; the German Government informed that if it wished to learn the terms of a possible armistice it must address itself to Foch under the usual military conditions; Bavaria declaring itself a Republic; the Kaiser abdicating; the revolution in Germany continuing to spread, and all the time our troops steadily advancing, while Germany was in precipitate retreat.

I think the night when we knew that the German emissaries were actually to cross our lines, on their way to receive the armistice terms for which Germany had asked, was perhaps more difficult to live through patiently than any we had yet experienced. Would the terms be accepted or would they not? I believe that most of us hoped they would not be agreed to; we hoped that they would be challenged, partly because we all knew, by this time, that we were on the eve of the biggest Allied offensive which had yet been launched—but the Germans knew this too! We, of course, wanted the War to be carried on into those final stages for which we longed, and for which we had fought.

That night must have been one of silent vigil for people all over France. Through the day we had eagerly been reading every *affiche* as soon as it was posted up—that is to say, as soon as each one of us could get near enough to be able to read it, for needless to explain, such dense crowds gathered around them the instant they were given to the public, that you had to wait your turn as you would in a bread line. All day we had been on the alert; all day we had followed up every clue which might lead to the latest word from the front, and as evening set in, and the slow hours moved heavily on toward midnight, I felt a kind of lull in the feverishness, and a strange quiescence creeping over me, as though I were not actually there, alone in my hotel room, but somewhere off at a distance, listening, watching, waiting, with all the rest of France. We knew that the German envoys were to cross our lines at a point close to Haudroy —a microscopic village, the very name of which was quite unfamiliar to most of us—and, as is not uncommon in moments like this, a heightened imagination almost persuaded me that new and finer senses of sight and hearing had suddenly come into being: I found myself with keenly fixed attention and with an intense absorption, straining to catch the first sound of the approaching enemy; staring into the darkness for the first distant gleam of the powerful headlights as their great military cars came rocking and pitching over the lonely, shell-torn roads; trying to distinguish the first faint shimmer of the huge white flags which they were obliged to carry. I remember how curiously I felt myself present at every stage of that unrepentant but humiliating journey; I saw, in mind, those men pass the last outposts of their own lines, and cross No Man's Land, still thick with their own, unburied dead, for in such a headlong retreat as theirs, there

had been no time to remember the fallen; then, reaching the *avant-postes* of the Allied front, the sudden spring from the black shadows of the roadside, where they had been on watch: the French, specially stationed there; the ringing command to Halt! to give the Word! After which, the stern, cold silence, the enemy having been told that it might now pass on. Then on again; the long, cold drive through that devastated countryside of France: one wondered what might be in the minds of those five men as, now in charge of the French officers appointed to conduct them, they were taken through the very country which, until so recently, they had boasted as their conquered and fully subjugated territory; through the splintered forest-lands, and over the ruined fields; through the mere shells of towns which they themselves had destroyed so systematically and so uselessly; past the clustering graves of loyal citizens—men and women and young children, first shamefully mutilated and then stood against the walls of their own homes where they were shot down like dogs because of their unflinching, dog-like loyalty. During that long drive, did even a flicker of sorrow and shame for the crimes of their country mercifully come to any one of those five men?

After that night a period of waiting followed, while we knew that messages were passing uninterruptedly between Allied G.H.Q. and Spa, where the German High Command was now established. As far as I can remember, and for some reason unknown to me, there were no immediate details given out, either in France or in England, as to what had actually taken place during those seventy-two historic hours while the signing of the armistice was being considered by the Germans; but about two weeks later, perhaps less, there appeared in the *Vossiche Zeitung* (a leading Berlin daily paper), an "account", so-called, written by one of the German envoys—an excellent example of Teutonic "diplomacy". The writer, grieved and surprised at the nature of the reception which was extended to the German Commission, commented on "the hate and revenge" manifested by the French, ingeniously suggesting that the probable reason the envoys had been taken to the Forêt de Compiègne instead of into the town itself, was that "perhaps they [the French in charge of the negotiations] feared acts of violence on the part of the inhabitants, for the hatred which has grown up in their hearts is past all bounds." It appeared also to be a cause of serious complaint, as well as of guileless astonishment, that every one of the French officers present (Marshal Foch included) "all exhibited the same frigid manner, unmitigated by a single word of compassion", and in the end, so the pained and indignant writer protested, "we were obliged to sign the document, forced upon us with its inhuman conditions."

So spoke Germany—the injured, the innocent one—with the old, thinly-veiled duplicity, and faithful to her Nietzsche: to the teaching that even the temporarily "weak" may, by subtlety and craft, eventually get the better of the "strong"—and herein is duplicity justified. No honest, if belated facing of incontrovertible facts; no single, redeeming (even if reluctant) word of self-reproach; not the faintest shadow of admission that Germany could in any way be in the wrong; no acknowledgment of any guilt whatsoever; not the

least expression of remorse; loud only in a protest against the injustice done to her—the very elements of which German "*Kultur*" is composed.

So spoke Germany—"*Also sprach Zarathustra*"!

All this had been taking place on the last days of that last week of the War—Thursday, Friday and Saturday, November 7th, 8th, and 9th, while the fighting continued on all the fronts with unabated vigour. The German retreat had become more like a rout: the Belgians were about to enter Ghent; from north of Valenciennes southward to the Ardennes the British were pushing on toward Mons, Maubeuge, Avesnes; the French were advancing rapidly on Mézières and Charleville; the Americans toward Montmédy and the Briey basin. On the 10th the French crossed the Meuse near Sedan. That day, which was Sunday, was, to all outward appearances, rather more quiet than usual in Paris. *Affiche*-hunters prowled the streets, but people in general were not communicative. In the afternoon, strolling along the Boulevards des Capucines and des Italiens, such a centre for cafés, it seemed to me that even the usual crowds, gathered, as is their unfailing custom, at the little tables on the pavements, were less animated than on most Sundays; for the most part, their noses were buried in *l'Echo de Paris*, *Le Petit Parisien*, *Le Matin* or some other one of the "dailies" (the *kiosques* were conducting a thriving business, these days!), or else they spoke together in low and serious tones. We all knew that early the following morning we should almost certainly receive the official news that the armistice had been signed, and that the "cease firing" order would go into effect at 11 a.m. So we were waiting.

Monday, November 11th dawned, and Paris was early astir—no thought of sleeping late on *that* day! I was out in the streets even before the smallest shopkeepers in my quiet neighbourhood were officially open; *boulanger*, *laiterie*, *épicerie*—I knew them all, and I knew how every one of these people felt about an armistice, with Germany still on our side of her frontiers too! As I passed the *marchand de légumes*, where I often bought rosy-cheeked apples, his stout wife was superintending the taking down of the big wooden shutter which, at night, covers the modest front window of all the smaller shops in Paris, and she greeted me with an abstracted air: "*Madame est matinale!*" adding resignedly: "*A quelle heure aurons-nous la nouvelle?*"—as though there were really nothing further one could do about it anyway.

It was chilly at that hour of the morning, and at first there was a thick fog which, however, lifted little by little, leaving only the soft haze which is always so beautiful in Paris. As I got more into the business centre, I saw that people had already begun to gather about the different newspaper offices and near the larger banks where the first news would certainly be posted up; one caught a word here and there, hurriedly exchanged between friends meeting unexpectedly: "Yes, yes, I understand that it was signed this morning at five o'clock. Well —!" By ten o'clock we knew this to be a certainty, and on the stroke of eleven all France must also have known it, for, out of the rather subdued calm which had, for the past days, reigned everywhere, there burst the roar of cannon —those of the Invalides, just across the river from where I stood in the Place de

la Concorde, and at the same moment the bells of all the churches in Paris rang out—such a *carillon* as was seldom heard. And on the instant too (so well prepared were we), and in whatever direction you looked, you saw that flags were being run up, or hung from windows, or fastened to the coats and hats of people, or that they fluttered from the taxis or trucks as they shot past. In the space of a few minutes only, Paris was ablaze with colour. Then, from every door, torrents of people came rushing; they came running from every direction—along the Rue de Rivoli they hurried; out of the Rue Royale they burst; the entrance to the narrow Rue Boissy d'Anglas was literally choked; the broad Cours la Reine and the Quai de la Conférence swarmed—it seemed as though everyone in Paris were determined to reach the Place de la Concorde or the Champs-Élysées, where the enemy guns were the thickest; and soon you could hardly move. A gigantic crowd had begun to mass, a crowd in the grip of such intense emotion that for the most part it was dramatically silent. The French had borne too much, had suffered too deeply for joy at release (a release moreover, the nature of which was not whole-heartedly approved) to be untempered with sadness or with regrets which could not be stilled. And then too, there were so many black-clad figures to remind us—though we did not ***need*** reminding—of what the day meant. We felt the presence of our beloved dead, those millions of heroic, high-hearted men who had given their lives that France herself might live; we felt ourselves surrounded by their sacred presence; they moved among us; their glittering ranks seemed to fill the air. Theirs the splendour of sacrifice; ours the gratitude and love. I believe that in those first hours, before the riotous rejoicing of the evening began, there were few of us who were not remembering them in reverent thanksgiving; many of us too, I believe, were realizing with a pain which we would unwillingly have relinquished, that it was not for such a day as this, not for an armistice that they had died.

But joy there was, none the less, though there were tears in many eyes. As if in kindly sympathy, the sun broke through the mist, the day warmed, and, gravely, stranger shook hands with stranger, and we all cried: "*Vive la France! Vive l'Armée! Vivent les Alliés!*" Then a man's voice, not far off it is true, but miraculously heard over the sound of all those other voices, called loudly, vigorously: "*Vivent nos poilu - u - u - s!*", and like a flame that word swept through the crowds; it was taken up by the thousands gathered there; I saw strained faces, wet with tears, streaming with tears; voices near me broke with intensity of emotion. Then suddenly, above the solidly massed heads reaching as far as you could see, were raised, here and there, horizon-blue-clad figures, steel-helmeted, heavily booted, perhaps unshaven and certainly looking very shy, very awkward, as if longing to crawl under ground into some friendly dugout—I saw struggling, resisting *poilus* raised high on the shoulders of the men near whom they had chanced to be standing, and again that cry went up: "*Vivent nos poilu - u - u - s!*" How dearly we loved and how proud we were of them—how grateful to the living ones too!

Standing close beside me, I had noticed an old peasant and his wife (up for

the day, no doubt, to see the sights, their fields left untended), both of them very short and *very* stout. Poor dears! They had come so far, yet because they were undersized, they could not see over even the shoulders—let alone the heads—of the people who were so thick all around them. They craned their necks and tried their best to get even a glimpse, but it was useless. I saw them conferring on the subject, their old heads bent close together. "*Peux-tu voir?*" asked he, with affectionate concern; but she shook her head, disconsolately. Though grunting with the effort, he quickly seized her round the waist and hoisted her up so that at last she got a view of what was going on, and not until the exertion had brought him almost to the point of extinction, did he finally drop her with a smothered: "*Ouf! Ouf!*", whereupon she, without a moment's hesitation, and as though it were a matter of course (one good turn deserves another), wheeled about, caught him round the knees with a hearty, "*Viens, mon petit!*", and though her face grew scarlet under his weight, held him squirming and amidst the good-natured laughter of all of us who saw it, while he got *his* view. They kept this up, alternately giving each other a "lift", for I do not know how long; as I moved away, they were still hard at work.

In the afternoon, while Clemenceau was reading the terms of the Armistice in the Chamber of Deputies, the guns of the great ring of forts around Paris thundered out their applause; in the upper air huge aeroplanes began to pass like whirlwinds over our heads, with acrobatic, dare-devil abandon; and a sight which no one who saw it will ever forget—thousands, gathering around the statues of Strasbourg and of Lille, stood with bared heads, singing the "Marseillaise". Of course, most of the shops had been closed early so that, as the day wore on, more and more people thronged the streets, and the spirit of revelry became intensified. Impromptu parades were formed which only increased the congestion; in fact, it was quite impossible to move at all along some streets, or even along some of the avenues. Monster motor lorries, filled to the utmost with soldiers and civilians decked with the Allied colours, circulated at high speed, while, walking about as well as they could, more modestly and quietly, were hundreds of Parisians unconcernedly eating *petits fours* out of paper bags —people who had not been able to find seats in any restaurant, and who had snatched at whatever they could find to eat. You passed little groups of smiling *poilus* or broadly-grinning British Tommies, who had been surrounded by a ring of holiday makers, and who were held prisoners while, with linked hands, their admirers danced singing round them, as you would dance around a Maypole. But the greatest noise and the greatest confusion of all was caused by bands of American soldiers (whose example was quickly followed by many other Americans) who, rushing into the Place de la Concorde, pushing the crowds unceremoniously to right and left, seized the enemy cannon arranged so carefully there, and began to drag them about—up the Champs-Élysées, along the *quais*, down the Rue de Rivoli, some of them riding astride, the others shouting and pulling; others, climbing to the top of the great statues of France's fortified towns, sat there beating small drums, or blowing tin horns or singing darkie songs. It soon became a kind of orgy, and with a heavy heart I turned home-

ward. The rejoicing was being overdone—already we were beginning to forget, I thought sadly.

Memory, with some of us at least, can prove a disconcerting faculty, because, when we try to reach back to a given incident which we wish in detail to recall, we find that we have to work our way through all that has subsequently been taking place within ourselves, perhaps quite unconsciously. "Remembering" is not the simple process we have sometimes fancied it, and I often wonder if, in any case after a period of years, it is *possible* to remember the events through which we have lived (more especially those events behind which lay great issues), and the nature of our individual mental and emotional view of them, exactly as these were at the time. For, examining them later, with the perspective which we did not then have, we almost inevitably see them as it were through a mist, or rather, coloured by the light of maturer experience, maturer considerations. Therefore, what the armistice meant to me in 1918, can perhaps only be viewed in the light of what it means to me to-day. However this may be, I seem to have no difficulty in remembering the two sets of emotions which, on that day of mixed hopes and fears, were warring against each other: one part of me lost in thanksgiving that so many of the lives which were dear, were now out of danger; that the faces of old friends would surely be seen again; that past and future would surely meet with no hideous gap between: another part of me knowing this to be misjudged, superficial, unreal; knowing that the armistice was a deadly mistake, and far more widely death-dealing than carrying the War to its ultimate end could ever have been. And so, at last, the night closed in on us, though the unthinking revelry went on. With the first sound of the cannon at the Invalides, and the ringing of the church bells that morning, everyone, perhaps, momentarily felt a great wave of relief; but as the day wore on, with the outer madness increasing on the one hand, I believe there was far more inner misgiving on the other hand than is generally realized; that there were many silent spectators of that riotous scene whose hearts were heavy—and not merely because of their own personal losses, either. *They* knew that this was not the end; rather was it only a more terrible beginning. *They* knew that Germany who, at the opening of the War, had considered an engagement as merely "a scrap of paper", would keep her future "engagements" in exactly the same spirit.

I believe it can truly be said that Germany's so-called "collapse" was more a moral evasion than an absolute and immediate military necessity: at least had she wished to do so, even with Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria withdrawn, she could certainly have fought on longer than she did. She could have fought on to the point of complete exhaustion and until she was actually beaten to her knees, until she had not a drop of blood left in her: France did in 1871. But Germany is destitute of understanding in such high and chivalrous matters, and like all moral delinquents since the world began, when she saw a just retribution overtaking her, she could not face the ordeal. As she realized that, united to a man in burning abhorrence of her countless and unnamable crimes, the Allies were steadily, relentlessly moving on toward her frontiers, she resorted

to subterfuge. Germany who, in 1914, had invaded Belgium and France without the slightest shadow of excuse, making herself an outcast among civilized nations by her organized attempts at intimidation, her deliberately planned atrocities, which all the denials, explanations and excuses of later days will never obliterate —Germany, unable to face an invasion, in her turn, of her own soil (though even she must have known the Allies incapable of meting out to her a punishment literally *in kind*), called loudly for an armistice! Evasion is always the method adopted by the morally deformed, and it is always they who are quick to plead for compassion which they themselves, while still in power, are never willing to show; and if, at the signing of the armistice, some of us may mistakenly have imagined that much of Germany's military and political power was destroyed or at least curtailed, we surely must have learned, in these intervening years, that her cunning remains unimpaired.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be concluded)

It requires much more character to sustain good fortune than bad.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Read the features of thy foe, wherever he may find thee; small he is, seen face to face, but thrice his size behind thee.—MEREDITH.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—SWIFT.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE shade of a big oak-tree had drawn us together, with no thought of the "Screen" or of the Recorder's approaching need. It was the Philosopher who started things going. "The great American public, so pre-eminently self-governing, seems to be cheering up", he remarked. "The Wailing Wall on Wall Street of a few weeks ago, has become comparatively gay."

"Yes", said the Student; "even with the small fry, it is no longer—

'The rain it raineth every day,
Upon the just and unjust fellow,
But more upon the just, because
The unjust hath the just's umbrella.'

"To-day, the small fry are hoping *to get it back*."

"Where did you get that from?" someone asked.

"It is English,—all good things are English", he replied. This was deliberately provocative, but we let it pass. It was so hot; and what is the use!

"I can tell you of one thing that is English, and that is really good", said the Historian: "a book by General Seely, called *Fear, and Be Slain*. I bought it on the strength of its title, which the contents fully justify. If anyone be in danger of losing his faith in 'miracles', I recommend him to read it. I hate stories of adventure and of miraculous escapes that are fiction; but this man's stories are not only true,—they contain, without a word of preaching, the justification of what he has tried to make the governing principle of his life. Let me read you the opening of his brief Foreword: ' "Safety First" is a vile motto. . . . If such maxims be needed for human conduct, "Duty First", "King and Country First", above all, "Christ's Teaching First", may form the basis for a rule of life. . . . "Safety First" is soul-destroying, a pestilent heresy which will rob the race of man of all incentive and spell doom to the British Empire. It is, indeed, really a euphemism for not facing facts, for lack of confidence in oneself or one's principles.' Was it not Ernest Hello who wrote: 'Always do the thing you are afraid to do'? I have not got it with me, but there is a little book called *Life, Science, and Art*, made up of quotations from Hello's writings, translated from his French, which Washbourne published in London some twenty years ago, and which, I think, contains that and much more to the same effect. How well I remember during the Great War, before this country so belatedly threw in its lot with the Allies, the refreshment in Hello's pre-War statement: 'It is the crime of the age not to hate Evil, but to discuss terms of peace with it and make it proposals. . . . [Even] blasphemy has its explanation. What plunges me in a stupefaction absolutely beyond expression is *neutrality*.' Seely does not touch on that. He confines himself to stories of his war and other experi-

ences, and to his marvellous escapes from death. But it is intensely interesting; it is modestly written, and, above all, it is morally refreshing. Some English reviewer described it as 'The best of all antidotes to the last ten years'. Admiring the book and admiring its author, I feel free to quarrel with his admiration for Lloyd George, who has proved himself an unprincipled demagogue, and who, as bold as brass with England back of him, was a moral coward and worse when threatened by the leaders of English Labour. Further, just as neutrality left Hello in a state of stupefaction, Seely, so transparently honest, so intelligent in so many ways, leaves me almost (though not quite) speechless when he propounds a statement such as this. (I should explain, first, that he had been in the thick of the fighting at Le Câteau, Landrecies, St. Quentin and elsewhere, during the German advance in 1914; that he had re-entered St. Quentin unaware that the Germans had occupied it, had had the narrowest imaginable escape from death, and that he had already seen much of German 'frightfulness'.) Now for my quotation:—

> "Looking back on that period when farm after farm, town after town, fell into the hands of the advancing German host; when terrorism, deliberately employed, filled every woman's heart with dread, and every old Frenchman's heart with rage, I understand, as perhaps others do not understand, the attitude of the French people to-day. They talk of security, 'Security First'; we think they are unreasonable. They increase their armaments; we think it unfair. They set up new fortifications on their frontiers; we think it absurd that a valiant people should so behave—surely they need have no fear. I suppose the critics are right, but all I can say is that had I been a Frenchman living in the neighbourhood of St. Quentin in August, 1914, I should be sorely tempted to act as the French now do. It may not be a logical attitude; in fact, speaking as an Englishman, although I love France, I am sure it is not logical [!]. But it is a natural sequence of events, and it may endure for generations to come.

"What in the name of all that is amazing does he mean by that! A child could see that it is the French who are logical, and that he is simply fantastic, serenely, self-confidently fantastic. He knows as well as anyone that the French experience of 1914 was a repetition of what the Germans had done before, over and over again. He had seen the thing with his own eyes, and had been deeply moved by it. There might be excuse for some American, who thinks that the universe is bounded by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; who has no background, and for whom France and Germany are merely names in the daily paper. Can you wonder that England's best friends, the people of all nationalities, in all parts of the world, who most genuinely admire her superb qualities, find her at times exasperatingly stupid,—'thick' as one of her worst fogs. Seely is not 'just a soldier'; he is a member of the Privy Council, a highly educated and much travelled man, and, I repeat, absolutely sincere. Is the 'suggestion' of his tribe too much for him? Even so, how account for the attitude of his tribe!

"The answer, unfortunately, is not pleasant, for the answer is that while the *average* Englishman dislikes a German and a Frenchman with an equal and undiscriminating intensity, the class to which General Seely belongs is instinctively jealous of France *or* of Germany as soon as either of them becomes 'too powerful'. The 'balance of power' must be maintained between those two, so that England, as third, can control. England hated the supremacy of Napoleon and combined with Prussia to overthrow him. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, again from the instinctive feeling that France had become too influential under Napoleon III, and that 'the balance of power' should be restored, England remained neutral. Then, when the German Empire was formed under the dominance of Prussia, English feeling began to veer, sufficiently, it seems, to have prevented another attack on France by Bismarck, when Queen Victoria personally intervened. As Germany became more and more powerful and arrogant, England finally (1904) determined upon the *Entente Cordiale* with France, and later fought the Great War to prevent the Germanization of Europe. That end attained, with Germany disabled temporarily, and France by far the strongest military power on the Continent, English feeling again veered, and became positively hostile when the European supremacy of the Bank of England was jeopardized, if not lost, owing to the immensely strong cash position of the Bank of France. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, was very largely responsible for the lengths to which this jealousy ran, and for the blindness which was its inevitable result. He jumped into the German trap, dragging his Bank with him, by lending huge sums to bolster German credit, but which the Germans promptly 'tied up' by using the money for 'improvements'—public parks, auditoriums, buildings easily convertible into barracks, new machinery, etc.—so that repayment might be made impossible and that Reparations to France and Belgium might be pushed that much further into the domain of the impracticable. That Norman's supposed omniscience in matters of international finance, influenced New York banks to add their millions to those which the Bank of England was loaning to Germany, is at least highly probable.

"General Seely himself, in my opinion, would be incapable of a small or mean motive—and jealousy in any form *is* small; and that is why I spoke of the 'suggestion' of his 'tribe' or class—of his Clubs in fact—which it is immensely difficult for a popular man, with hosts of friends, to resist, especially when he has no reason to be on his guard. And there are many Englishmen, doubtless, of whom the same thing could be said, and whose inherent good-sportsmanship and sympathy for the 'under-dog', have supplied the soil in which this poisonous suggestion takes root,—that Germany should be allowed to arm more, and that France should be bullied or cajoled into arming less, so that (a reason rarely avowed) the 'balance of power' may be restored. As if there *ought* to be a balance of power between a brigand and a member of the community whose one desire is to be let alone!"

"The Recorder is taking notes", said the Philosopher at this stage, "and I don't want our English friends and readers to misunderstand what you have

been saying, or what I am about to say. Therefore let me explain this for their benefit: we suffer and endure, as best we can, the American Politician, whom we recognize as the logical outcome of a democratic form of government; we suffer this thing all the time; to open a daily paper, which we are obliged to do, keeps the wound raw; we have long since passed the stage of hoping for anything better than vulgarity, asininity, and provincialism to proceed from our Congress, with complete failure to recognize even the existence of principle, or of right and wrong in international matters. We look in vain, for instance, for some word from either Presidential candidate, calling attention to the outrageous cost to the taxpayer of the Veterans of the World War,—a scandal (as explained in the July QUARTERLY) involving the unjustifiable expenditure of some $450,000,000 of public money annually, a scandal which has been ventilated fully, and in regard to which both candidates are fully informed. Yet, not a word from either of them. They are afraid to lose votes. How can we respect such people! (Silence about the Bonus payment would, of course, be even worse.)

"It is natural, therefore, that we should hope to find elsewhere the regard for principle, the love of right for the sake of right, which we fail to find here; and because this country sprang originally from English stock, and because we know something of English traditions and of what used to be English standards, it is natural also that we should look to England as a place where something better ought to exist. We feel, even, that we have a sort of right to expect it, and are bitterly, and perhaps unreasonably, disappointed, when those who should represent the best in English tradition, lower themselves to the plane of American political life. Hence I felt outraged when I read the other day in the *New York Times*, that the Knights of the Order of the Garter, supposed to be a most proud and honourable Order of Chivalry, and certainly ranking highest in English esteem, had decided to reinsert in its roster the names of the former Kaiser and former Crown Prince, and to hang their banners once more in the Chapel of the Order at Windsor, thus undoing their expulsion in 1914. This, according to the cabled report, was being done at the instigation of the King, who 'wishes to forget old quarrels'. It is charitable, as well as polite, to assume that Ramsay Macdonald instigated the King. But even so! Is there no such thing as right and wrong—in England? Did the men who fought and died for England, die for a mere nothing, for an unfortunate misunderstanding, for a sort of friendly, cousinly quarrel? Is it right or *manly* to have the memory of a butterfly? Can England have sunk as low as that!

"The Crown Prince: 'the amorous ferret', his English cousins call him,—a cad, if ever there was one, as his behaviour in France proved. The King of the Belgians is a Knight of the Garter: will he resign? What a lesson for the world if he did,—that someone should fearlessly draw the line somewhere; for if not at the German Crown Prince, then, clearly, nowhere."

"What has that to do with Theosophy?" asked our Visitor, with a shade of disappointment, having expected, perhaps, to hear about spooks and visions.

"Everything", the Philosopher replied, "because Theosophy is the storehouse of all the wisdom, all the beauty and nobility of the past, and strives to

keep alive in the world, not only the memory of what is best, but the desire to emulate it. It is part of the function of its students to hate what is vile or vulgar, and to love—not merely to admire, but to *love*—the highest code that each one's status in life has evolved: by which I mean that it is not enough to glow with æsthetic admiration for Christ or some other Master, but that a mother should strive to become the best and wisest of mothers; the soldier, the best and bravest and most efficient of soldiers; the business man, the best, most honourable and most capable of his kind,—and so on, in whatever part we may be called upon to play."

"I don't want to drop Seely's book yet", the Historian now said, "because he writes of one experience which is a real contribution to history. In the spring of 1914, while Secretary of State for War, he visited Venice with his daughter, and became very friendly with the Commander-in-Chief of the Italian fleet in the Adriatic. It will be remembered, of course, that Italy, at that time, was a member of the Triple Alliance, consisting of Germany, Austria and herself, and that necessarily these three powers kept each other informed about military, naval, and international matters. Before leaving Venice, Seely told this Italian Commander that he planned to return to England by way of Austria, travelling slowly through the passes with his daughter, by coach. The Italian said: 'Will you forgive me if I make a suggestion? It is that if certain forebodings, which have been reported to me confidentially, should prove to be well founded, I should send you a message, saying that I have arranged for your return by Desenzano, Switzerland, and France. If I were the Austrian General Staff, and war were just about to break out, I think I should find means to delay the journey of any man occupying the position you now hold'. Seely thanked him, and proceeded on his way. (Now the significance of this incident hinges upon the fact that it occurred some time *before* the murder of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo, and *after* the opening of the enlarged Kiel Canal in June, 1914, which had finally given the German fleet direct access to, and a way of escape from, the North Sea.) Seely had been only a few hours on Austrian territory when he received a message from his Italian friend: 'Urgent Desenzano'. He turned right back, and hurried to England from Como. A few days later the Archduke was assassinated, and, as Seely says, 'the signal for the Great War had been fired.' The Archduke's assassination provided the necessary excuse. Germany and Austria had been waiting, since June, for any excuse for their pre-arranged onslaught."

The Historian rose, as if to go indoors; but the Recorder wanted more, and knew that he could get it. "What else have you been reading?" he asked.

"I have been reading several books about the Russian Revolution", the Historian replied. "It is wonderfully instructive, especially when the lesson of the French Revolution is kept in mind."

"Surely rather academic", said our Visitor, still hoping, I think, for spooks and visions.

"That depends upon how you read history", he answered. "Most people read it as if it were the story of a dead past. We study it for the light it throws

on the present and future. 'History repeats itself', or, as an ancient Greek remarked, 'History is philosophy teaching by examples'."

"May I ask", interjected the Recorder, "what are the lessons you draw from those two revolutions?"

The Historian laughed. He knew, of course, what was wanted. "A large order", he said; "but I'll do my best. First, then, is the need for all of us, who are students of Theosophy, and who are in earnest, to grind the lessons of history into the very marrow of our being. Intellectual recognition is not enough. We shall live again. Youth is very easily persuaded, is idealistic, inexperienced, all too ready to believe that the world, by means of some formula or glittering generalization, can be turned into an Earthly Paradise over-night. There would have been no French Revolution if the well-meaning youth of France had not been swept off its feet by the charming twaddle of Rousseau. Bitterly, many of them regretted it, when they faced the guillotine. I, for one, do not wish to make that mistake; I should like to become instinctively suspicious—no matter what the circumstances or how young I might be—of all political or economic short cuts, of all demagogic vapourings; I should like to remember for ever that, in terms of personal liberty, the autocracy of the Czars left the individual Russian as free as air in comparison with the autocracy of a Lenin or Stalin. There is this also to be remembered: it is not the extremists who are dangerous; it is the 'parlour socialists', the theoretical liberals, who seem so moderate and so reasonable, so gentle and well-meaning, who invariably prepare the way for the murderers and thugs,—and it is small comfort that the moderates always are strung to lamp-posts by the thugs, or in any case have to fly for their lives, when what they sowed comes to fruition. It was not Lenin or Trotsky who were responsible, morally, for the Russian Revolution; they were the fanatics and cut-throats who took possession of what men like Prince Lvoff, Rodzianko, Gouchkoff, Professor Miliukoff and a host of other liberals, had so ignorantly started. Kerensky, the Socialist, the windbag, served as bridge, at first terrorizing the liberals, who made endless concessions to his intermediate radicalism, and then himself terrorized by the extremists, from whom he finally fled for his life, disguised as a woman.

"The point is that it is always so, and always will be so; and that as we are likely to live through (or in any case *into*) more than one *Terreur* in the future, it would be well for us to learn as much as possible from the *Terreurs* of the past."

"I wish you would tell us something about the more interesting of the books you have been reading, which deal with the Russian Terror." Again it was the Recorder who urged him on.

"It will be easier to do so if I fetch some of them from the house: I like to handle a book when I talk about it", the Historian answered. "If you will excuse me for a moment—", and off he went, returning almost at once with books tucked under his arm. "Here they are", he said, as he resumed his seat. "I think the most vivid and moving picture is given by the Princess Paley, in her *Souvenirs de Russie, 1916-1919*, but I do not know if it has been published in English. It ought to have been, as I see it has already reached its 28th edition

in France. The Princess Paley was the wife of the Grand Duke Paul, who was murdered by the Bolshevists while in prison, and who, by an earlier marriage, was the father of the Grand Duchess Marie, whose *Education of a Princess* was, I am glad to say, reputed the best-selling non-fiction book of 1931 in America, partly, perhaps, because of the extraordinarily graphic account she gives of her escape from Russia when the Bolshevists were doing their worst. Then there is *Once a Grand Duke*, by the Grand Duke Alexander, which leaves a bad taste in the mouth, because of his vanity, his unconscious revelation of his extravagant self-centredness, and the disgraceful way in which he talks about the other members of his family, but which records many facts of interest, and contains many astute and penetrating comments on men and events as he witnessed them. There are the three volumes of *La Russie des Tsars pendant la Grande Guerre*, by Maurice Paléologue, French Ambassador at Petrograd, a most valuable book, which shows, incidentally, that while both he and Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador, were entirely loyal to the Czar, they inevitably reflected the 'liberalism' of their respective governments, and utterly failed to realize that 'one man's meat is another man's poison': that dreams of a constitutional monarchy in a country like Russia were as grotesque as are dreams of a Republic of the Philippines. Two books by Sir George Buchanan's daughter, now Mrs. Knowling, who was with him throughout those tragic days in Russia—*Diplomacy and Foreign Courts*, and *The Dissolution of an Empire*, especially the latter—were written primarily in defence of her father, who was accused by some people of not having done what he might and should have done to further the escape of the Czar and his family to England. She puts the blame for this squarely on Lloyd George, and states her case convincingly, though the official documents are still locked away among the secret archives of the Foreign Office. If you want to look it up, you will find what she has to say on pages 189 to 199 of her *Dissolution of an Empire*. Lloyd George was afraid of Labour, and Labour, favouring the Revolution, objected threateningly to the presence of the Czar in England. The Czar, a first cousin of the King and a most loyal Ally: what an everlasting disgrace! Who would remain a King if his personal honour were in the custody of—a Lloyd George!

"The fact is that the Allies, as soon as the Romanoffs ceased to be powerful, dropped them like the traditional hot potato. It was not an edifying spectacle. Paléologue makes it clear that both the Czar and the Grand Duke Nicholas, then Commander-in-Chief, responded nobly to the agonized appeals of Joffre, and of the British and French Governments, at the beginning of the war, to hurl every available Russian soldier into German territory so as to divert German troops from the Western front and thus lessen the initial pressure there. We know with what success and at what frightful cost this was done, making the victory of the Marne possible. Both the Grand Duke and the Czar did this with their eyes open; they knew that they were taking the offensive prematurely, long before the Russian armies were ready, and they did it solely because it was the only way in which they could go to the rescue of the French and British

armies, then being pushed back towards Paris by the Germans. From first to last they were unfalteringly loyal, always responding to the utmost of their ability, and always ready to subordinate their plans of campaign to the needs of their Allies on the Western Front. Yet, when his hour of need came, what was done to help the Czar! I know as well as I know anything, that the British people, if they had realized what was going on, would not have tolerated such desertion for a moment. Outside the ranks of party and professional politicians, chivalry is not dead, and if the Grand Duke Nicholas had been invited—had been compelled, as he should have been—to ride with Foch and Joffre and Haig through the streets of London, when 'Victory' was celebrated there, he would have been received with all the greater acclaim because *his* Russia had died, fighting, almost to the last man. Chivalry does not turn its back on misfortune; chivalry does not count votes or consequences; is not governed by expediency, is not afraid. It loves valour, nobility, self-sacrifice, endurance, and proclaims its admiration in spite of politics and trade.

"In this country, of course, with few exceptions, the ignorance was so complete and the prejudice so dense, that it would have been absurd to expect more than the ready-made, shop-worn catch-words, such as the hack reviewer grinds out at so much the column or half-column. There is no disappointment, for instance, in finding 'parasites' still used as descriptive of the entire Romanoff family, in a review in the *New York Times* of *A Princess in Exile*, though one may, foolishly, wish to remind the reviewer that, whatever their faults, and they were many, the Romanoff men served their country, either in the army or navy, and risked their lives fearlessly throughout the Great War, while the women, until the Bolshevists murdered them, not only sacrificed their fortunes on behalf of the Russian wounded of all ranks, but personally worked like slaves in the hospitals and at the front; further, that the entire Imperial family did not cost Russia one-tenth as much as the American Legion Lobby in Washington costs the American people annually,—and the Imperial family was at least ornamental, which is more than anyone would claim for the octopus in Washington (merely one of a collection which reign there).

"But now", the Historian continued, after a moment's pause, "I want to change the subject, though first I should like to interject that I know, as you do, how H.P.B. would have felt about the Russian *débâcle;* I want to speak of Count Witte. Most of the books written in recent years which seek to defame H.P.B. —and the same is true of Biographical Dictionaries—draw on Witte's memoirs as their chief authority; and he slandered her because he was constitutionally incapable of believing that anyone, whether man or woman, could be clean and upright. Naturally, however, because he was H.P.B.'s cousin, her enemies welcome his evil-mindedness, and care nothing about his own evil life, of which his rotten mind was a result. This subject has been mentioned more than once in the QUARTERLY, especially in the issue of January, 1930, where a letter is quoted from Charles Johnston; but as it is manifestly the duty and the privilege of all who recognize their debt to H.P.B., to defend her when slandered, you will welcome certain references to Witte in the books I have been reading. Nothing,

in my opinion, is more feeble or less effective than a purely negative defence. Every loyal student of Theosophy should be on the alert for evidence which tends to disqualify the accusers of H.P.B.

"Paléologue, certainly unbiassed, constantly speaks of Witte as unscrupulous in his hatred of the Allied cause during the World War, as venomous in his animosities, and as having become, at last, guilty of rank treachery and betrayal. I refer you to page 73 of Paléologue's third volume; also to pages 117-124, 188-190, and 223 of his first volume.

"The Grand Duke Alexander, in his book, on page 197, speaks of Witte ('raised by the Czars from clerk to Prime Minister') as one 'who specialized in providing reporters with scandalous tales discrediting the Imperial family'; as having countenanced Jewish pogroms, and as 'both despicable and pitiful in his involvements'; this, on page 226.

"Miss Meriel Buchanan (Mrs. Knowling), on pages 108-109 of her book, gives facts which confirm Paléologue."

Again the Historian paused; but the Recorder had not quite finished with him. "Is her latest as interesting as the earlier book by the Grand Duchess Marie?" he asked.

"It is poorer, necessarily, in incident", the Historian answered, "but for those who look beneath the surface for the real meaning of a life—for that which the soul is trying to teach the personality—it should prove highly instructive, and could not fail, as I see it, to reveal a tragedy far greater than the author herself begins to realize."

"What do you mean?" asked the Student.

"It would be intrusive and unkind to enlarge upon the subject publicly", the Historian answered, "if it were not that the author discusses her own 'case' with an almost disconcerting impersonality, and not only her own, but that of her friends, such as Queen Marie of Roumania, whose character she analyzes with quite remarkable detachment. It seems allowable, therefore, to answer your question explicitly. I mean, then, that when the world turned against her—as *the world* invariably turns against misfortune—she seems to have made up her mind to win the respect of the world by 'making good' in terms it would understand, that is, in terms of worldly success, and that she deliberately set to work to modernize, to democratize, and thus, unconsciously, to toughen herself, so as to play the game as the world plays it. An unusually gifted woman, with magnificent courage and great strength of character, she determined to win happiness in spite of her terrible misfortunes, and imagined that this could be done by giving the fullest possible expression to her personality. There was no one to tell her: 'The purpose of life is not to express the personality; the purpose of life is to express the soul—all that is noblest within the range of our conception. There is no peace anywhere by that first path; there is peace and wisdom and victory by the second, with joy for the soul even though there be suffering, as there must certainly be *self*-sacrifice, for the personality.' There was no one to say to her, at any stage of her career: 'Why not try to live your life beautifully, rather than successfully!' She has met with success, as most people count

success: she has written a 'best seller'. But, behind her mask, she is a desperately unhappy woman (I caught a glimpse of her not long ago, in a New York store where she was 'on exhibition'). To judge or to condemn her, would be insufferable: one should take off one's shoes and tread softly in the presence of such courage and such heart-break. Yet the fact remains that she is on the wrong track, that she has not learned her lesson, and that just because she has fought so magnificently for a wrong end, one wishes ardently that it had been a right one. Read her two books, and you will perhaps see what I mean."

"But I have not read them", the Student protested, "and I insist upon knowing more!"

"She was married, when very young, to a Swedish Prince. Her mother was dead, and the marriage was arranged by an aunt. Not in the least in love with her husband, and feeling suffocated in her new environment, she became thoroughly miserable, and, in spite of the birth of a son, before long moved heaven and earth to be set free. She persuaded her cousin, the Czar, and the authorities of the Russian Church, to grant her a divorce. Her husband retained the custody of her son. Later, during the Great War, and after the abdication of the Czar, she married again—a Russian—believing on this occasion that she was really in love. The event proved her mistaken: another tragedy. One lesson she has not learned is that it was wrong to sacrifice her child for the sake of what she believed to be her own happiness. Assuming that she was in no way to blame for the discord between herself and her husband (and usually there are faults on both sides, if only lack of tact), she should have set to work to wring victory out of defeat by living for her son instead of for herself, accepting her responsibilities, and trying to live greatly even if she could not live happily. People cannot throw overboard their marriage vows with impunity, even when there are no children to be considered. The fact that she occupied an exalted position, meant that her example would have far-reaching repercussions, both in Sweden and in Russia. Her second marriage of course made things far worse. If she had done her duty and had remained the wife of that Swedish Prince, it is quite possible that she could have saved the life of her father, the Grand Duke Paul, to whom she was devoted, and who probably could have been rescued while he was still a prisoner in his own palace, if the rescue had been organized from Sweden, with the help of the Swedish Minister in Petrograd. All through the war, the Swedes were Pro-German, largely because they feared and therefore hated the Russians. She could have done wonders if, still a member of the Swedish Royal family, and working in harmony with the English wife of the Crown Prince, she had used her influence on behalf of the Allied cause. I think that by now, her soul would have been at peace. Peace never comes from running away from a difficulty which it is our duty to overcome. She was very young, and did not understand. No one can blame her,—unless himself 'without sin', in which case, as the Christian Master did *not* say, Let him speak up.

"An understanding of Theosophy would have saved her,—and it is in large measure due to the mistaken method of its presentation, that she was deprived of

that help. Theosophists have almost invariably misunderstood their mission. They have imagined it to be their duty to pass on to others the philosophy, or interpretation of the universe, which they have accepted as true, and which has helped them personally, instead of realizing that there is not one man in a million who shares their need, or whose condition at all resembles their own, and that what they ought to do is to help others to recognize what was truest and best *in the faith of their ancestors*."

This roused the Philosopher. "I most thoroughly agree with you", he exclaimed. "Our study of Theosophy should enable us to be sympathetically interpretative of all expressions of religion, and to reveal at least something of the truth concealed in all symbols and creeds. Any religion is better than none, so long as it is accepted sincerely, and when you are dealing with people whose faith has been shattered by newspaper 'science', the only way to help them is by directing their attention to the spirit and purpose which the shattered form concealed."

"There are those also", the Historian added, "whose religion is a sort of habit, which helps them, perhaps, in matters of routine and in stereotyped directions, but the underlying principles of which they have not even glimpsed, so that, when confronted with a problem which seems to have no connection with their previous experience, they are completely lost. In fact, it seems to them that there is no point of contact between their problem and their religion. This is unthinkable to us, thanks to Theosophy, but it is a very real and bewildering condition for those whose beliefs, primarily, are emotions."

"We are living in a Godless world", said the Philosopher. "I doubt if in any period of history, the idea of God and of the unseen has meant so little. Worse than that perhaps, if a Presidential candidate to-day were to mention God in a political speech, or were to intimate that he was seeking divine guidance in national affairs, he would be regarded by the majority as 'unsafe', because not practical, and, by many, as a hypocrite."

"But", said our Visitor, "think of all the empty talk about God, by Kings and rulers of years ago: it meant no more than 'How d'you do'."

"Which is worse: a selfish man with the semblance of good manners, or a selfish man with no manners whatever?"

Our Visitor laughed, seeming to catch the point.

"The truth of the matter is", concluded the Philosopher, "that students of Theosophy have a vitally important function, which, as yet, with few exceptions, they have not understood, and which they should make it their first duty to study, and, in due course, perform. What the world needs most is a more spiritual understanding of its former beliefs,—not their dilution, such as some Churches supply, but an intensification and rationalization of their simplicities.

T.

REVIEWS

The Political Philosophy of Confucianism, by Leonard Shihlien Hsü, Professor at Yenching University; George Routledge & Sons, London, 1932; price $3.75.

Mencius, translated by Leonard A. Lyall; Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1932; price, $3.75.

Dr. Hsü has had a certain amount of political experience as Secretary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the Chinese Nationalist Government. One ventures to believe that he has prepared this exposition of Confucian political science with the primary purpose of reminding his Occidentalized fellow-countrymen of the splendour of their own traditions. Certainly the Confucian theory of government is as applicable to Chinese conditions to-day as it ever was. It is even applicable outside China. There are actually some Americans who prefer Confucius to Thomas Jefferson.

The essence of Confucianism is loyalty, and loyalty in political terms implies the devotion of the subject to the ruler and the obedience of each individual to the code of his status and calling. Dr. Hsü has traced the development of these implications of loyalty, stressing in particular the fundamental "doctrine of rectification". Rectification "means the making of distinctions between right and wrong, the setting up of a universal standard that will show how the true differs from the untrue, the right from the wrong, the beautiful from the ugly, the logical from the illogical, the just from the unjust, the proper from the improper. Thus Confucius places government on a purely ethical and educative basis. This is important because the political state itself is governed by the attitude of mind of the mass of the people" (p. 59). It was thoroughly characteristic of Confucius that he should define the first step towards rectification as the practical example of virtuous administration. "The rulers themselves should be wise and virtuous before they attempt to govern others. They should personally set the model of rectification, and the people will follow them according to the process of phenomenal imitation" (p. 59). In brief, "the sovereign and high officials are models, which the mass of people and smaller officers are likely to imitate" (p. 44).

Dr. Lyall's excellent and well-annotated translation of the great Confucian apostle, Mencius, makes the principle of "phenomenal imitation" very clear. Mencius seems to have addressed his message especially to the upper classes, and to have tried to form among them a genuine aristocracy whose nobility of conduct might inspire others to imitate them. He taught "the great way of the gentleman". "A gentleman can do nothing greater than encourage men to do good" (p. 50). "When a gentleman made a mistake of old, he mended it. . . . The mistakes of a gentleman of old were like the eating of sun or moon [i.e. an eclipse]—all the people saw them, and when he mended, all the people looked up to him" (p. 62).

The books of Mencius belong by right in the library of everyone who believes in the standards of true gentility, and who would like to make those standards effective in his own life and behaviour. S. L.

Edmund Burke, by Rev. Robert H. Murray, Litt.D.; Oxford University Press, New York, 1932; price, $4.50.

This biography, published a year ago in England, now appears in an American edition. Only four years separate it from Mr. Bertram Newman's *Edmund Burke* (1927). One wishes

that the difference between Dr. Murray's point of view and Mr. Newman's, represented a stride in advance taken by the entire Anglo-Saxon world. For to Dr. Murray, Burke's philosophical principle—the aristocratic principle—is drawn from "the eternal", and is the political wisdom needed at the present hour, "the democratic catastrophes of which, written over the map of Europe and Asia, could teach the lesson of Burke" [paraphrased]. To Mr. Newman, on the other hand, Burke can not escape the reproach meted to those who look backward, who devote genius, not to the future but to a dead past, or to the defence of a mode of existence which "even before his own eyes was beginning to pass away." Mr. Newman sees Burke as an idealist, by which word he means something of a visionary.

Burke's subject matter—details of revenue, tax, and suffrage—is recalcitrant material, and a Plutarch is needed to dispose of it, and vividly to set forth Burke's greatness. Contrasts in the manner of Plutarch are not wanting, for Dr. Murray writes: "Chatham was not a great political philosopher, whereas Burke was one of the greatest that ever lived. Chatham was an opportunist, while Burke was nothing of the kind. He possessed principles. . . . Last of all, Chatham was, as Dr. Johnson expressed it, a minister given to the sovereign by the people, and to Burke it is clear that Chatham leaned in the direction of demagogy. Burke, on the other hand, was aristocratic to the core. . . ." Dr. Murray is a scholar and man of culture; he has sympathy, enthusiasm, and understanding. He is able to write: "There is a mysticism in the whole of Burke's outlook on life in Church and State, and even in discussing the state of trade at home and abroad he cannot shake himself—he does not even attempt to—free from it. His philosophy is tinged with that mystery which every thoughtful man feels. With the cult of commerce he contrives to mingle a cult of idealism which is utterly removed from the tone and temper of Grenville's legal disquisition. He links the temporal to the eternal, and he is able to do so in virtue of the divine harmony he perceives in events, and his harmony is mystic and spiritual." C.

Black Elk Speaks, transcribed by John Neihardt; William Morrow & Company, New York; price, $3.75.

This is a valuable contribution to the growing body of literature which is making the character of the Red Man intelligible to the white race that is supplanting him. To the Theosophist, the heart of the book is the religious fervour which inspires this very old Indian, a Shaman among the Ogallala Sioux, and its origin in the "Great Vision" which came to him as a child. During a severe illness he lay for twelve days in a state of coma or trance, and the psychic and spiritual experience of that time became ineradicably the keynote of his whole life. His own words best show his belief in its reality and importance.

"If this were only the story of my life, I think I would not tell it, for what is one man that he should make much of his winters even when they bend him like a heavy snow? I see now as from a lonely hill-top, and I know a mighty vision was given to a man too weak to use it,—of a holy tree that should have flourished in a people's heart with flowers and singing birds, and now is withered; and of a people's dream that died in bloody snow. So I tell this to you; and because no good thing can be done by any man alone, I will first make an offering, and send a voice to the Spirit of the World, that it may help me to be true."

After making the smoke offering, ending with the words, "give me strength to walk the soft earth, a relative to all that is; with your Power only can I face the winds", he continues: "I am sure now that when the Vision came to me, I was then too young to understand it all, and that I only felt it. It was the pictures I remembered and the words that went with them; for nothing I have ever seen with my eyes was as clear and bright as what my Vision showed me; and no words that I have ever heard with my ears were like the words I heard. I did not have to remember these things; they have remembered themselves all these years. I could feel the meaning with a part of me like a strange power glowing in my body; but when the part of me that talks would try to make words for the meaning, it would be like a fog and get away from me. It was as I grew older that the meaning came clearer out of the pictures and the words."

Much of the book is a very literal account of his life and tribal experience; many of the

stranger incidents are undoubtedly dyed with superstition and psychism, but there is much that is pure poetry and much that is devoutly spiritual. Perhaps he sums up the balance justly when he says:

"The Vision was true and mighty, as I know; it is true and mighty yet, for such things are of the Spirit. It is in the darkness of their eyes that men get lost." E. A.

Nicholas of Cusa, by Henry Bett; Great Medieval Churchmen Series, Methuen & Co., London, 1932; price, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Any scholarly reader with a drop of Plato's blood in his veins, will be fascinated by the account of this ecclesiastical mystic, now told in English for the first time. Nicholas (1401-1464) born in the village of Cues, on the Moselle, near Coblentz, is one more link in the long chain of witnesses that descends from Alexandria, through Dionysius the Areopagite, Scotus Erigena, Eckhart and others. The distracted condition of Church and State during his lifetime, forced him to take an active share in outward events; there his influence made itself felt for unity. Whether it was the followers of Huss in Bohemia with whom he had to negotiate, or Greeks of the Eastern Orthodox Church, or even the devotees of Islam, he sought, in the belief of each, a point that could serve as nucleus around which might be constructed harmony with Christianity as established in the Catholic Church of Rome. "But his principal importance belongs to the world of thought rather than to the world of action." His writings (in Latin) published in 1514 and 1565, are difficult of access, and their scarceness has limited study and appreciation of his greatness. While ecclesiastical diplomacy was his daily occupation, mathematics was his consolation, and through mathematics he was drawn to the teachings of Pythagoras. In his own characteristic way, he sets forth anew the ancient teaching of the One and the Many. "All begins from God, and all ends in God, as motion begins from rest, and ends in rest. God is all of all that is, and yet nothing of all that is. He is all that is, in unity and perfection, but nothing that is, in limitation and multiplicity. Everything that exists is implicit in God, and explicit in the universe. God is the unoriginated, undifferentiated ground of all possibility and all actuality, and these are one in Him." "Since God is pure unity, absolutely bare of all differentiation, all the divine attributes coincide. All that may truly be said of God, though separated into different conceptions in our minds, is one and the same truth in His immutable nature. Hence all theology moves in a circle. The being of God, the will of God, the act of God, are absolutely one and identical; these conceptions are merely the different names by which we distinguish the different aspects in which our minds see the one, eternal, immutable essence of God." C.

Theurgy, or the Hermetic Practice; A Treatise on Spiritual Alchemy, by E. J. Langford Garstin; London, Rider and Co., 1930; price, 6*s.*

The Secret Fire, an Alchemical Study, by E. J. Langford Garstin; London, The Search Publishing Company, 1932; price, 7*s.* 6*d.*

These simply written volumes form succinct introductions to the study of the great Alchemical writers. They assemble quotations of the utmost interest from a wide range of famous writers—some of whom are almost inaccessible and often not yet translated from Latin,—and many are highly suggestive to students of Theosophy. Passages in *Isis* provide rich commentaries and often supply keys. The writer may be congratulated upon his entire lack of pretence, and for uncompromising condemnation of "black magic". As a result, his industry and enthusiasm should be of service to a wide circle of readers. Q.

Cosmic Problems: an Essay on Speculative Philosophy, by J. S. Mackenzie, Emeritus Professor in University College, Cardiff; Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London, 1931; price, $2.00.

Professor Mackenzie describes himself as "a humble follower of the line of idealistic speculation in which I consider my earliest teacher, Edward Caird, to have been, on the whole, the safest guide". The philosophical idealists of the Nineteenth Century, especially those of the Scotch school, performed a great service, by keeping alive in Western thought the idea that consciousness is more fundamental, more *real*, than matter. They brought forward a host of arguments to show how impossible it is to separate the idea of matter from the idea of some

form of creative, conscious activity. They continued to propose the hypothesis of a Universal Mind which "would presumably apprehend all the universal conceptions; and having creativeness . . . would be able to give them that special form of reality which we call existence" (p. 30).

Unfortunately, modern idealism has suffered from a very mixed heredity. It may claim descent from Platonism and the Logos Doctrine; but its immediate ancestry is German. The orthodox idealist is obsessed by the notion that the wisdom of the ages reached a sort of climax in Hegel. No one will question Hegel's genius; but this genius was preponderantly, almost exclusively, intellectual. His philosophy is an impressive but rigid logical system which is founded, not upon experience, but upon certain intellectual postulates. Moreover, in Germany even small minds tend to become ponderous, and Hegel's mind was not small. His disciples have never been celebrated for the Platonic qualities of wit and grace.

As modern idealism developed along the lines indicated by Hegel, it became a speculative rather than an empirical philosophy; and this, perhaps, explains the relative oblivion which has overtaken so many of its exponents. Professor Mackenzie is aware of this isolation of idealistic theory from the hard facts of daily life, and recognizes the need for testing and corroborating speculation and hypothesis by experience and experiment. Without renouncing his belief in an *ideal* substratum of existence, he perceives the important distinction between belief and certainty. Therefore, he seeks by contact with actualities a greater measure of certainty than the Hegelian dialectic, alone and unaided, can provide.

Opinions will differ as to the way to proceed in such an undertaking. A student of Theosophy ventures to suggest that in spite of his sincerity and good intentions, Professor Mackenzie is looking in the wrong direction for confirmation of his "ideal". He says, speaking of the difficulties in the way of proving that there is "a supreme purpose" in the Universe: "For their complete removal, the co-operation of the special sciences (including psychic research) is required: and happily there is now no real opposition between the results of the special sciences and the demands of speculative thought" (p. 119). One wonders what he means. Certainly no one who seeks truth should ever neglect or despise "the results of the special sciences", in so far as these results are the records of experience. Even psychical research is full of instruction for him who knows how to separate the chaff from the wheat. But all the special sciences (including psychical research) are limited by their method to the study of objective phenomena. They are not concerned with consciousness.

Is it not obvious that the paramount need of idealism is a basis of spiritual experience? Without a basis of spiritual experience, idealistic speculation is only an intellectual game which must finally become a bore, even for the idealists. According to an old tradition, the Universal Mind will be known only in so far as the individual develops the germ of the Universal Mind, the Logos, in himself; nor can it be known by any other means. S. L.

A Fortune to Share, by Vash Young; Bobbs-Merrill Co.; price, $1.50.

This is the story, or, rather, the experience, of a man who made himself into a new creature. It shows what anyone can do who realizes the need to do it,—the trouble with most of us being that we see no such need, being quite well satisfied with things as they are. Vash Young does not make this point, which is the key to the whole problem, for most people think it is a matter of will, when the fact is that the limpest, flabbiest will is sufficient to move a man from a stick of dynamite when he believes that in another two seconds it will explode. Self-satisfaction is the enemy; not lack of will. But Vash Young's book is written for popular consumption and should do an immense amount of good. If any of us, because of our Theosophy, should think we know more than he does—as in a sense we do—his example should have that much additional effect. Fear was his worst obstacle, or so he thought, and he conquered that; but that was only one of the defects which he set to work deliberately to replace with their opposites. A great lesson for all of us. H.

Peace Veterans: The Story of a Racket and a Plea for Economy, by Roger Burlingame; Minton. Balch and Co., New York, 1932; price, $1.00.

The author was First Lieutenant, 308th Machine Gun Battalion, A. E. F. He more than confirms, with ample statistics, what was said at our Convention and in the July QUARTERLY, in regard to payments to veterans or their dependents as compensation for peace-incurred disabilities, since the War. To buy, read, and lend this book to others, would be an easy but very practical way to assist those who are devoting their time and money, for patriotic reasons, in an effort to stop this outrageous political graft. The book is popularly written, is short, and is the best contribution to the subject so far brought to our attention. H.

Ancient Civilizations of the Andes, by Philip Ainsworth Means; Scribners, 1931; $7.50.

One has fascinating but vague notions about the Incas. One has heard that they had a great Empire, that they built magnificent forts, and temples where they worshipped the Sun under the image of a huge disk of pure gold, and that their buried treasure is still undiscovered.

If one should wish to find out everything so far known about the civilizations of the Andes, the Empire of the Chimus and the Empire of the Incas, he should read Mr. Means' book. At a time when the body politic of the West seems so sick, it is helpful to read of the rise and fall of ancient nations. Mr. Means draws some very interesting comparisons and contrasts between their problems and our own. His book is written in a charming style, with a gaiety and humour all too rare in archæologists. ST. C. LA D.

Meditations on the Gospels, by Bishop Ottokar Prohaszka; Sheed and Ward, London; price, 6*s*.

When Ottokar Prohaszka was ordained in 1881, Cardinal Mazella said that the young priest's mind was so strong that it would impress millions. The writer of the introduction to these Meditations thinks that the revival of Hungarian culture and the persistence of its religious life after the Red revolution, are due to him. The reviewer has found the life of Prohaszka more inspiring than the Meditations, charming as they are.

Ottokar Prohaszka was born in Hungary in 1858. After studying in Hungary and at the Germanico-Hungaricum college at Rome, he was ordained and became a teacher in the seminary of Esztergom. He was made Bishop, and, after the revolution, became a member of Parliament. All his life he gave religious lectures to students and to the public. In his teaching he laid great insistence upon regular, independent meditation. He constantly visited the poor. Although very ill, never in the press of his duties as Bishop and as member of Parliament, did he neglect his spiritual duties, his long meditations or his charity. He used to rise at five and spend two hours in prayer, then doing his daily tasks. Every day, he wrote from two to four hours. In the afternoons, he paid his spiritual visits, going about on foot. He used the time spent in walking in meditating upon the subject of his writings.

When the Red revolution overwhelmed Hungary with its horrors—and one will remember that Red agents from Russia went about in armoured cars shooting down whole villages with machine guns—the revolutionists themselves did not dare to kill the Bishop. When they came to his palace to tell him he must live in two rooms only, he replied, "One will be enough." He had given away all his lands to the homeless, and had spent all that he possessed in relieving distress. When he died, the whole city of Budapest attended his funeral, and when his body was sent to his birthplace, all the inhabitants of the villages through which it passed came to the train to salute it.

After reading about this truly inspiring life, one turns eagerly to these meditations upon the Advent and the Nativity. They are very simple. His great insistence is upon the reality of the Spiritual Life, and upon man's ability to attain and to progress in it. Especially interesting are his meditations upon the Cave of Bethlehem, the outer poverty of the surroundings of the Nativity as contrasted with Spiritual splendour. He has a great love of Nature and draws from it many correspondences. One point he frequently mentions is sensitiveness—the cultivation of exquisite sensitiveness in the soul. "The Soul of Jesus is infinitely sensitive."

One wishes that the good Bishop had known something of Theosophy, for he speaks of the degradation of all Pagans, and of the ancient cultures of China and India "which built *culs*

de sac for the human mind, blocked up by dull resignation and by the idea of the impossibility of progress".

One is, of course, unable to judge his style in translation. Perhaps a certain banality of expression is due to the English rendering, rather than to him. One feels after reading his little book that one has met a lovely and pure soul, and has been inspired by it.

ST. C. LAD.

Mysticism East and West, by Rudolf Otto, Professor of Theology in the University of Marburg; translated by Bertha L. Bracey and Richenda C. Payne; Macmillan and Company, London, 1932; price, 16*s*.

The Mystic Will, by Howard Brinton, Professor of Religion, Mills College, California; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1930; price, $2.50.

Mysticism East and West is a "comparative analysis" of two "classic types of Eastern and Western mystical experience", as represented by the Vedântin sage, Shankara Acharya and by the Alsatian monk, Meister Eckhart. In the first part of his book, Dr. Otto shows, by means of many parallel passages, that Shankara and Eckhart are in many ways so much alike that one might almost imagine Shankara to be a translator of Eckhart, or vice versa. In the second part, the author reverses his procedure, concentrating his attention upon the individual qualities which make the two great mystics so different from each other, in spite of their basic unity of vision. It is a most interesting problem, but one cannot compliment Dr. Otto upon his handling of it. As a Western theologian he feels that he must somehow prove that Eckhart was "what Shankara could never be: the profound discoverer of the rich indwelling life of the 'soul'. . . . using that word in a sense which is only possible on a Christian basis" (p. 215). One immediate effect of sectarianism is that it closes the mind. In the present instance, Dr. Otto becomes so absorbed in his attempt to exalt Eckhart at Shankara's expense, that he has little energy left to meditate upon what both Eckhart and Shankara really meant by what they said.

As has often been pointed out, every mystical work is written in a cipher. Shankara and Eckhart adopted the current technical terms of theology and metaphysics, because only by so doing could they speak intelligibly to their contemporaries; but to each term they imparted an esoteric meaning. Unfortunately, the theologians who have commented upon the doctrines of the mystics, have interpreted them as literally as possible, with the result that their words have been made to support the dogmas which they actually attacked. For example, in Shankara's works there is frequent reference to Ishvara, the personified Divinity. Dr. Otto represents Ishvara as a "personal God". But Ishvara is wholly unlike any personal God known to the theologians. The significance of Shankara's teaching concerning Ishvara lies in the fact that, like the Logos Doctrine of the West, it evokes the idea of the Universe as an expression and vehicle of divine consciousness. By correspondence, Ishvara is related to the Universe, as the Higher Self is related to the human nature which it overshadows, and as the Master is related to the disciple. There are vast depths of meaning to be found here in what appears superficially to be only an enunciation of personal theism. Dr. Otto seems not even to suspect their existence. This explains why his book makes such dull reading, in spite of the fascination of its subject-matter.

It is a relief to turn to *The Mystic Will* which is based upon a study of Jacob Boehme. *The Mystic Will* is a model of scholarly accomplishment, but it has also the qualities of an original work based on experience. It is evident that the author has not merely correlated many valuable quotations from Boehme, but that he has meditated upon what he has read and, thus meditating, has investigated and proved for himself the reality of Boehme's magical universe.

One cannot praise too highly the resoluteness which enabled Professor Brinton to overcome the technical difficulties of his subject. Quite literally, it must require months of labour to arrange Boehme's terms in a comprehensible vocabulary, for the "cobbler of Gorlitz", who was not a trained scholar, invented as the vehicle of his thoughts a strange terminology, a unique amalgam of Biblical and alchemical symbols. No amount of toil could unravel this

knot, without the help of a lively intuition. One reason for Professor Brinton's success is that he has not approached his subject with the preconception that Boehme was a dreamer. He testifies that the one great purpose of Boehme's life was to discover a scientific basis for ethics.

However, as the author says, Boehme is not a moralist, in the usual sense of the word. He is concerned with the birth and growth of the spiritual man, and the spiritual man is typified by Christ. But Christ as the Logos is also manifested as the "light-world" of universal Nature. "We must constantly remind ourselves that Boehme thinks of nature as animated from within by the same vital forces which find more complete expression in man" (p. 136). "Boehme's philosophical library was nature itself. 'Thou wilt find', he says, 'no better book, in which the Divine Wisdom can be searched for and found, than a green and blooming meadow' " (p. 11).

Boehme's central problem was "the reconciliation or harmonization of two wills, the negative in-going religious will, and the positive out-going nature will. The first is a 'resigned will' seeking, through self-surrender, a supersensible divine object. The second is a 'self-will' seeking through self-assertion to know and control external nature". Our life, indeed, is "the operation and manifestation not of a twofold but of a 'three-fold will'. This trinity is (1) negative in that it wills backward to the Father, (2) positive in that it wills forward to the Son, and (3) intermediary in that it alternates between the negative and positive as a Spirit which fashions the warp and woof of temporal existence" (pp. 95-96). "The will can attain no true self-consciousness by having itself as an object. It must be reflected in a mirror independent of itself. Accordingly there arises within it a painful desire for genuine objective self-knowledge" (p. 233). In the macrocosm, this desire is the magical power which calls the phenomenal universe into being. So, in the human correspondence, "Through imagination and earnest desire, we are again impregnated with deity and receive a new body in the old" (p. 112).

According to Boehme, the creative force becomes manifest as the seven forms or "fountain-spirits" of Nature. Professor Brinton's interpretation of the "fountain-spirits" is a very important contribution to the study of Boehme. They recall many other "hebdomads" in mystical literature, as, for example, the seven *Shaktis* of Indian metaphysics, the six primary forces in Nature, synthesized by the seventh, "the Light of the Logos" (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 311-313). Professor Brinton remarks that the desire for manifestation "is the first form of nature and manifests itself as 'attraction'. It exists only through an opposing force which is 'expansion'. The interaction of the two produces rotation, the multitude of circular processes which make up physical nature. These three constitute the Trinity on its lowest physical level. Hence the creation of physical nature . . . externalizes the original three-fold will. . . . This descent into matter or particularity, is symbolized as the 'Fall of Lucifer'. As these forces are independent of the original ideal harmony and of each other, conflict and confusion arise. . . . In the fourth nature form, there is a retreat to the Absolute Will which reconciles the jarring discordant particulars through the harmonizing influence of the abstract ideal Wisdom of God. In theological terms, God is crucified on the cross of nature in order to experience resurrection in the Heaven of a higher life. In physical terms the friction of opposing forces generates a spark of light which is nature's knowledge of itself. In human terms the discordant forces in man's soul are harmonized through an act of self-renunciation by which his will is identified with the original Absolute Will. . . . When the first three nature forms unite with the Absolute Will in the fourth nature form, they are internally harmonized and vitalized, and then become the last three forms. The first three remain, however, as the unmanifested material substratum of the last three. When whole and part are thus adjusted to each other in an organic union, the seven forms comprise Eternal Nature, the final objectification of the original three-fold will in a completely self-conscious life" (pp. 233-234). Elsewhere, he says that "the soul stands at the fourth nature form where light and darkness divide. . . . It can project itself through imagination either into the dark world or the light world" (p. 212). The three higher nature forms are named Love or Light, Sound or Understanding, and

Eternal Nature, the highest being "the final adjustment and harmonization of all seven" (pp. 154-157).

In the light of this exposition, one is better able to understand why Madame Blavatsky spoke of Boehme as a Theosophist and as "the Nursling of the Nirmânakâyas". It is significant that in spite of his manifold obscurities of expression, Boehme's system has always possessed the power of stimulating the imagination of those who have studied it with sincerity and devotion. The debt of Schopenhauer to the "God-taught seer" is recognized, as is that of the English mystic, William Law. Students of Theosophy will recall his influence upon the great French occultist of the Eighteenth Century, Louis-Claude de Saint-Martin, who referred to him as *mon second éducateur.* S. L.

The Wheel of Life, A Study of Palingenesis in Its Relation to Christian Truth, by the Rev. A. Henderson, Vicar of St. John de Sepulchre, Norwich; Rider & Co., 1931; price, 1*s.*

This is an excellent and significant appeal by a clergyman of the Church of England, for a return to the historic belief of the Early Church in Reincarnation. For the cogency of its argument, as well as the official position of the writer, this little book will interest all students of Theosophy, and may well serve them in discussion with friends. He points out that several of the most distinguished modern philosophers (Dr. James Ward, and Dr. McTaggart of Cambridge; Dean Inge, etc.) "accept this, 'the Oldest Creed'"; building in their turn on a long line extending through Hume, Henry More and the English Platonists, Bruno, Campanella and others, back to Origen, Clement of Alexandria, and the authors of the Gospels. Many will be surprised to learn that: "It finds favour even with Roman Catholic theologians, amongst whom was the great scholar, Monsignor Archbishop Passavalli (1820-1897), who not only declared that reincarnation is not in conflict with Catholic dogma, but himself accepted the doctrine, at the age of sixty-two, from two disciples of the Polish School of Philosophy, and 'lived up to the age of seventy-two, unshaken in his conviction that he had lived many times on earth and that he was likely to return'"; while Cardinal Mercier wrote in his *Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy* (Vol. II, p. 326, Eng. tr. 1927): "It seems difficult to demonstrate by unaided reason that the end of man's probation will necessarily coincide with the last moment of his life"—for "the theory of metempsychosis, provided that it allows that the Soul retains through its successive reincarnations the consciousness of its own personality, and that the series at some time will have an end, cannot be shown by reason alone to be impossible or even to be false" (p. 20).

The commonest misconceptions of Reincarnation are refuted, and a concluding chapter deals briefly with "Reincarnation and Christian Doctrine". M. H.

Dante: The Divine Comedy, Its Essential Significance, by Arthur H. Norway, C.B.; Student Christian Movement Press, 1931; price, 5*s.*

This is an admirably conceived interpretation in brief compass of the *Divine Comedy*, addressed "not to scholars, who are few, but to the unlearned also, who are many". Dante has a message to the hearts of men, and he makes an appeal to the hearts of men, as well as to their intellects. The writer brings forward this phase of Dante's great poem—often neglected, avoiding all controversies or subtile questions, and showing rather Dante's understanding of human nature in the light of his fixed purpose to "withdraw living people from misery and bring them back to peace". M. H.

Tongues of Fire, a Bible of Sacred Scriptures of the Pagan World, by Grace H. Turnbull; Macmillan Co., 1929; price, $3.50.

There are several good collections of religious and mystical verse, but this volume is something more; as the sub-title declares, it is an anthology of Sacred Scriptures, of the Bibles of non-Christian peoples. The title itself is given by the Book of Acts, where St. Luke describes the event known as Pentecost,—and St. Luke's words are printed on the title page: "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak . . . as the Spirit gave them ut-

terance." That quotation would seem to indicate a belief on the author's part, that the Sacred Scriptures of the world have a common origin and inspiration. Fifty-five years ago, Madame Blavatsky declared that common inspiration to be Divine Wisdom.

The selections are comprehensive, representative, and generous. The writings of Confucius and Mencius, of Lao-tze and Chuang-tze speak for China and Japan. Persia, Egypt, and Babylonia make their contributions. The *Upanishads*, the *Dhammapada*, the *Bhagavad Gîta*, and the rock inscriptions of King Asoka indicate how deep was the religious life of ancient India. Plato, Plotinus, Empedocles, and Pythagoras represent Greece. Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, Rome (though these last would appear to be devotional books rather than Scriptures). The collection includes many treasures.

The book is a labour of love and devotion made by one who has lived in a literary and religious environment. The author is not academic, and though much consultation with erudite authorities was required for the making of the book, that contact has not deadened. She is to be congratulated for keeping immune from the deadly academic virus.

The purpose of the anthology being to present to Christian readers the documents of other religions, no Christian materials are included.

As one examines this interesting volume, the question arises: "what would a thoughtful Christian do, after studying it?" For if his own religion ever meant anything to him, he might be perplexed and confused by variant expressions of truth, for example, the parallels in the lives of Gautama and of Jesus: "the Immaculate Conception, symbolic star, and angelic choir; the renouncing of an earthly kingdom, the fasting and temptation in the wilderness, the sending forth of the disciples", etc. [p. VI]. Miss Turnbull offers no guidance to one thus perplexed, no interpretation; the very brief paragraphs prefixed to each section contain matters of information only. Indeed, for all its treasures of truth, this anthology may only *misguide*, only *harm*, in the end, by distorting, as has been done so many times in the past, truth that is perceived through a mist. In an Introduction the author shows her horror of war, and denounces the World War as "criminal", thereby revealing the domination in her mind of the "pale Galilean" type of religion which alienates all who are not emasculated. The necessity of war in the present stage of human evolution has been many times set forth. The following extract from Edmund Burke ought to demolish the pacifist's argument. Substitute "peace" for "civil liberty", Burke's reasoning is valid for both. "Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love of justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters" (*Letter to a Member of the National Assembly*).

C.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 373.—*In a Branch study of the* Crest Jewel of Wisdom, *these questions arose on stanzas 21, 22, p. 4: (a) What is the meaning of "Freedom from self-indulgence is . . . a surrender of the allurement of all non-eternal things from the body up to the Formative Power"? (b) Why is the Formative Power classed as non-eternal? (c) How should it be surrendered? (d) May one think of it as being what is often termed the creative power?*

ANSWER.—(*a*) A surrender of the allurement of all non-eternal things is the first step toward chêlaship; it is "the trial initiation of the would-be Occultist." We are told: "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness." "Allurement", in the sense used in the *Crest Jewel*, does not mean merely the enchantment of happiness; it means the allowing of our attention to be occupied by any temporary or illusive thing whatsoever, thus failing to "live in the eternal" itself. Despair may be as "alluring" as joy; we succumb to the fascination of terror as easily as we do to that of exultation. The being content to remain on any of the lower planes (physical, psychic, manasic etc.) is self-indulgence, because it is on these planes that the lower self finds it easiest to live—without effort and with the greatest satisfaction, feeling at home there. It is a "surrender" of this deadly illusion which must be made. (*b*) It is not clear that the stanza does definitely state the Formative Power to be non-eternal. It speaks of the surrender of all non-eternal things *up to* the Formative Power. Moreover, a distinction is apparently intended since, in the translation, the words are spelt with capitals. (*c*) Would perhaps be answered by (d), in which we might also get more light on the earlier questions. If we do consider the Formative Power as synonymous with the creative power (and it appears a not unlikely interpretation), then we may see how, from one point of view, it is to be surrendered; while, from another, it is to be cherished as a priceless inheritance. For the creative power is to be found on every plane of existence, from the physical up to the highest that we know of or can imagine; it is an attribute of the Logos, and as such could not be classed as non-eternal; but manifested on the lower planes of life, its expressions there are but reflections, its use too often a perversion. It is the persistent clinging to the idea that the shadow is the Reality, as well as the deliberate misuse of the Power, which must be surrendered—not the Power itself. To the lower nature it is largely in this misuse that the "allurement" lies, and misuse of anything is invariably self-indulgence. T. A.

ANSWER.—(*a*) It is the *allurement* of all non-eternal things that is to be surrendered, not the things. All powers are dangers, for each one has its "allurement" for the personal self, that is, with each power there goes a temptation to use it for the gratification of the personality. Powers are rightly used by a "seeker for the Eternal" only when they are used for the purposes of the Eternal, or to draw the seeker nearer to his Master and to his home in the spiritual world. (*b*). All powers *as we know them* must be only reflections of real powers and hence not eternal in themselves. (*c*) and (*d*) It would be interesting to know what the Sanskrit word was that has been translated as "Formative Power". Perhaps the "power of the imagination" would be nearer the meaning than the "creative power", although the allurements of both

must be surrendered before spiritual growth becomes possible. To surrender the allurements of the imagination would mean never to use it for self-indulgence, vanity, etc. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Taken from its context, the quotation from *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom* would seem to indicate that the "Formative Power" was classed as non-eternal, but the remainder of the sentence seems to indicate clearly that the "surrender of the *allurement* of all non-eternal things" refers to the objective aspect of the "Formative Power", as the same verse goes on to say that this surrender is to be "continually made through a realization of the faultiness of all *objective* things". Freedom from allurement (glamour) is to be accomplished through discernment of the "Real",—the Real aspect of any quality. By reference to *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 312, Third Ed.), where the Shaktis are enumerated and described, we find the statement, referring to Kundalini Shakti, that "A Yogi must thoroughly subjugate this power or force, before he can attain Moksha" (Nirvana). This would seem to furnish a key to what is meant in the verse from the *Crest Jewel*, by indicating that as long as we use universal forces wrongly or for selfish purposes, we are making this universal or eternal force assume a non-eternal aspect through perversion of its use, which is an "allurement" to be surrendered. We must "subjugate this power or force", first by refraining from misusing it, and second, by controlling it,—as the *Crest Jewel* says, by "the mastering of the powers of perception and action". The same principles would seem equally applicable if the phrase "Creative Power", instead of "Formative Power", were used in this connection. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—(*a*) It means complete and absolute detachment, that is, not looking for a reward, material or spiritual, of any action. (*b*) Because, as is implied in *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 84), all is Maya up to the Supreme Absolute, and what is glamour or illusion cannot be eternal. (*c*) The surrender of the allurements of the Formative Power is explained in *Light on the Path:* "It must be the Eternal that draws forth your strength and beauty, not desire of growth." "Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the eternal." (*d*) Yes; the power that creates or forms character and spiritual growth. S.

ANSWER.—(*a*) Non-eternal things allure us because we use them to gratify the desire for sensation. They cease to allure us in so far as we kill out the desire for sensation.

(*b*) The Formative Power may be classed as non-eternal, when it is conceived as the cause and source of all non-eternal things. In this sense, it is the "mighty magic of Prakriti", which is described as non-existent in Pralaya, like the physical Universe which is its production.

(*c*) It has been said that when we surrender the allurement of anything, we are for the first time capable of using that thing intelligently and dispassionately, as Nature intends it to be used. In other words, the non-eternal may be transformed into a vehicle of the Eternal.

(*d*) It would seem to be another name for "the creative power". Our objective must be to employ this power, as it is employed by the Logos, for the purposes of soul. S. L.

ANSWER.—(*a*) I think the word *allurement* gives us the key. The author of *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom* points the way to liberation through discernment; and shows that discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal, between the Real and the unreal, leads man to give up what is non-eternal or unreal in his quest of the Eternal or the Real. But man does not suddenly reach the Real from where he is. The verses indicate that his surrender is a progressive one, from the unreal to the less unreal through graduated stages, beginning with the surrender of the grossest forms of physical self-indulgences through those which are psychic and mental, up to the Formative Power. But it is always the *allurement* of these things he must surrender, not the things themselves. While still using the eyes, the ears, the body, he is to surrender their allurement. Likewise, while still using the Formative Power, he is to surrender its allurement or the joy of using it. Then, the joy which accrues from using it will be a consequence, a by-product—in other words, he will not use the Formative Power *because* of the joy of using it. (*b*) Anything that is *out* of the Eternal is non-eternal. As I interpret the verses, the Formative Power is a power exercised by the Eternal. As soon as the Eternal

so uses this Power, the Power is *objectified* and to that extent is out of the Eternal and therefore non-eternal. (*c*) The Formative Power is not to be surrendered, but the *allurement* thereof. (*d*) I should suppose the Formative Power is an aspect of the Creative Power—that stage at which the Creative Power is active, is objectifying itself, is forming forms.

G. M. W. K.

QUESTION NO. 374.—*Why do many Theosophical students allude to everything easy and agreeable as "good" Karma, and everything hindering or unpleasant as "bad" Karma? Isn't it our own fault if any Karma is "bad"?*

ANSWER.—It is clearly a mistake to refer to everything that is easy and agreeable as "good Karma", and to everything hindering or unpleasant as "bad Karma". Students of Theosophy look at everything, or at least try to look at everything, from the standpoint of the Soul. From this view-point, "good Karma" would be that which afforded the most favourable conditions for spiritual development, but these might, and in all probability would, be far from "easy and agreeable" to the personality. The only "bad Karma" is that which prevents or makes spiritual advancement difficult. Theosophy teaches that, whatever our outer circumstances in life may be, they are precisely those which we need in order to learn the lesson which that incarnation is intended to teach us. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—Although we have created our own Karma, brought upon ourselves our own trials and tribulations, that is no reason for our labelling any Karma as "bad". It is by the operation of this beneficent law that the soul receives just the right opportunities for growth. It is the way in which we use these karmic opportunities which is either "good" or "bad". Because our Karma is what we have made it, we do not have to be *victims* of circumstances; we can be *victors* over them. The circumstances do not have to change, only our attitude toward them. If we view life as a school, the purpose of which is the training and development of the soul, then that which is hindering or personally unpleasant is not necessarily "bad". Quite the contrary: probably it presents the very problem or task needed at the moment for the soul's development; whereas that which is easy and agreeable may be but another indulgence of the lower self. "Man, know thyself." G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—Referring to Karma as "good" or "bad" is sometimes done half jestingly, but all serious students of Theosophy know that Karma, of whatever apparent nature, is invariably opportunity, and is therefore in reality beneficent. Many have also learned that what, at the time, they had looked upon as good Karma, had proved a far severer test of their selflessness and sincerity of purpose than what, under other circumstances, may have been considered overwhelmingly bad Karma. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that more would-be chêlas have gone on the rocks because of their supposed "success", with the self-delusion and self-complaisance which too often accompanies it, than have met final shipwreck as a result of supposed or perhaps even actual "failure". Lower nature being what it is, there is always the danger that with fancied success we sink into effortless days, lulled to sleep by a fatal sense of security; while to the man who is worthy even the name of would-be chêla, it is at the moment when he faces utter defeat that he buckles on his armour and grips his sword more firmly. Therefore, it *is* our own fault if any Karma whatsoever appears to us "bad". T. A.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society will be held throughout the winter and spring at 64 Washington Mews (between Washington Square and East 8th Street), on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at half-past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Branch members will receive a printed announcement, giving the dates. The same announcement will also be mailed to non-members who send their names to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York. Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York, and visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.